

20 cents



THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING



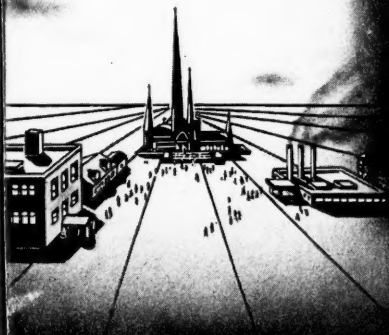
CONTENTS

Made to Order Penances	129
Love Thy Neighbor's Goods	133
Love in Religion	137
Objective: Brazil	138
Questions about Divorce	142
Lent and Holy Communion	143
I Hear Confessions	147
In Love with a Divorced Man	152
Revival Religion	153
Catholics and Democracy	160
Readers Retort	161
Waiters Are Human	165
On Fruitless Remorse	168
Prods to Perfection	169
Voice from the Vatican	171
Happenings in Rome	173
Thought for the Shut-in	175
Sideglances (Incentives for Labor)	176
Catholic Anecdotes	180
Pointed Paragraphs	181
Liguoriana	185
Book Lovers' Department	188
Lucid Intervals	192

MARCH, 1952

\$2.00 per year \$2.25 in Canada

Vol. XL, No. 3



Amongst Ourselves

A little library of new pamphlets and leaflets has just been published by *The Liguorian Pamphlet Office*. Some of them are reprints of past *Liguorian* articles which, when they first appeared, brought us a considerable number of requests for extra copies. Among these are especially "How to Make a Vow of Chastity," "Meditation before Marriage," "How to Behave with Girl Friends," and "What's Your Reason for Birth-control?" These are published in a small, handy size so that half a dozen copies can be carried around in the pocket or pocket-book, ready to be given to others as opportunities happen to arise.

We have also rounded out a group of four pamphlets for married folk that has been contemplated for a long time. They are "How to Be a Good Wife," "How to Be a Good Husband," "How to Be a Good Mother," and "How to Be a Good Father." Two of these have already been widely circulated, with the result that there have been frequent requests for the others, especially by wives who read the pamphlet addressed to them and who wanted something similar for their husbands. The pamphlets in this series, as well as all those mentioned above, sell for 5 cents a copy, with discounts for quantities of 20 or more.

A very important addition to the list of

Liguorian Pamphlet publications is a series of 25 penny leaflets that are ideal for leaving around in street-cars and buses, handing out when certain questions are asked about religion, inserting into pieces of mail, etc. The titles of these penny leaflets will be found on the rear page of this copy of *The Liguorian*. You can pick up 110 leaflets for \$1.00, and do no end of good by spreading them around.

The pamphlet apostolate is one that is easy to take part in and rich in rewards. It has been used, up to now, far more by those who misguidedly thought it necessary to discredit the Catholic Church than by those who have known her to be the haven of salvation for all. The history of convert-making in the Church proves that it requires very little in the way of enlightenment to awaken an interest and a desire for the full truth in others. Sometimes a small pamphlet, or even a leaflet, can be used as a starting point. The more *Liguorian* pamphlets are used by Catholics, the more we shall publish, until we shall match the anti-Catholic propaganda word for word.

This month's *Liguorian* has a great deal of material about Lent. Don't delay too long to read it, because Lent has already begun and will pass swiftly. Using it well will mean much to your happiness.

The Liguorian LIGUORI, MO.

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.S.S.R.

Associate Editors:

M. J. Huber, C.S.S.R.

L. Miller, C.S.S.R.

E. Miller, C.S.S.R.

R. Miller, C.S.S.R.

T. E. Tobin, C.S.S.R.

D. Corrigan, C.S.S.R.

J. Schaefer, C.S.S.R.

J. E. Doherty, C.S.S.R.

Circulation Managers: R. A. Gaydos, C.S.S.R.—C. A. Bodden, C.S.S.R.

Two Dollars per year — (Canada and Foreign \$2.25)

Published Monthly by the Redemptorist Fathers and entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Liguori, Mo., under the act of March 3, 1879. — Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918. Published with ecclesiastical approval.



THE Liguorian

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Made To Order Penances

The most important voluntary penances one can adopt during Lent are those that are suggested by a knowledge of oneself. See whether you cannot pick something appropriate from this outline.

D. F. Miller

THROUGHOUT all history, philosophers, saints, preachers and professors have been telling their fellow-men that there is nothing more difficult for a human being than to know himself as he truly is. From Socrates, whose "Know thyself," made him famous for giving advice, through St. Augustine, whose prayer, "O God, grant that I may know myself and know Thee," started him off on one of the greatest careers of all time, down to the editors of a hundred modern journals of popular psychology (most of whom devote their time and space to unravelling only the threads in the fringes of human nature), it has been recognized that self-knowledge is important, difficult and rewarding.

It is particularly appropriate for Christians to take note of this fascinating subject at this time of the year. Lent is just beginning. Lent is a time for penance. And in no field of human endeavor is lack of self-knowledge apt to reveal itself more clearly than in that of doing penance. Some people do no penance because they have no idea, or refuse to face the fact, that they need it. Others do the most harrowing penance for the sake of unimportant and even trivial human goals (like the

penance involved in deer-hunting, or training for a varsity football team), but no penance in behalf of the only important purpose for which they were made. Others gladly adopt spiritual penances during a time like Lent, but not the ones that they most critically need.

Of course nobody can go wrong in observing faithfully the penances imposed under penalty of sin by the Catholic Church. These are tailored to fit all needs, while at the same time they admit of exception or dispensation in behalf of the physically weak or overburdened. In general, abstinence from meat on certain days and at certain meals each day, and eating less than the appetite desires, though not less than the body needs, are penances that fit everybody who can practice them. They assume this basic knowledge of self on the part of every Christian: that he needs detachment from the world's pleasures; that he needs to make atonement for past sins; that he needs to build up ability to resist desires of his animal nature; that he needs to accept some small share of the sufferings of his Saviour if he would share in the redemption they were to win for him; that a little curtailment of the

The Liguorian

pleasure of eating appropriately answers all these needs.

But besides imposing this one form of penance by law, the Church also recommends and urges voluntary penance on all during Lent. Here she assumes that individual human beings differ vastly; that what would be an excellent penance for one might be unnecessary or even harmful for another. So her idea is that each person will take a good, long look at himself before Lent; face the facts, as bravely as possible, about his weaknesses, evil tendencies, past faults and sins, and then select a form of penance that will specifically make him a better Christian, a happier and holier person, a surer heir of the happiness of heaven.

This combination of self-knowledge with penance is the highest wisdom and simplest secret of spiritual progress. For that reason we shall here suggest certain types of penance especially suited to the various types of human temperament. The least a person can do, if he is at all serious about spiritual things, is to face his own temperament and to try to chisel out its bad points and to cultivate its good by the penance he adopts. This may help some to do just that. Under each temperament some of the predominant characteristics will be named, and, in the same sentence, a kind of penance to meet the need.

I. Sanguinic

1. You talk too much. You waste time in idle conversation. You don't like to be alone because you want somebody to chatter with . . . *Spend an hour or a half hour in silence before the Blessed Sacrament each day, talking only with God.*

2. You drink too much (even though not to the point of drunkenness) especially in companionship with others.

Your loose tongue becomes looser. You waste hours that you need for sleep or work, in taverns, at cocktail bars, at parties, or social gatherings. . . . *Give up all alcoholic beverages during Lent, knowing that this self-denial will help you to overcome many other faults.*

3. You spend too much time over frothy television shows or cheap romantic novels and magazines when there is nobody around to talk to. . . . *Give up the use of television during Lent, and make a half hour's spiritual reading (from the lives of saints) every day, in order to inspire yourself with the example of truly great heroes.*

4. You find concentration on work or prayer difficult because you are easily distracted, and though you make many resolves to do better, you rarely persevere in keeping them. . . . *Determine to go to Mass and to receive Communion every day during Lent without fail, to prove to yourself and to God that you can persevere in something good.*

II. Melancholic

1. You mope too much. When you are depressed interiorly, (which is quite often) you show it very plainly on your exterior. You don't talk, you look sad, and you act as if there were nothing worth living for. This giving in to your feelings, permitting them to make you an unpleasant companion, is contrary to charity. . . . *Recite the Litany of All Saints every day for the grace to appear cheerful, as true saints did, even when you feel gloomy and moody.*

2. You show dislike for others too easily and too often. Your antipathies for others whom you associate with are often deep-seated and long lasting, and you find it hard to talk to them pleasantly and to resist talking uncharitably about them to others. . . . *Select one*

The Liguorian

person whom you know you dislike, and determine that you will be courteous and almost friendly to that one, and that for the whole of Lent you will refrain from saying an unkind word about that person.

3. You are too easily hurt, offended, made resentful by others. Your sensitiveness takes unkind meanings out of their words and actions that may or may not have been intended, and when somebody is really unkind to you, you find it exceedingly difficult to forgive. . . . *Make the Way of the Cross every day during Lent, reflecting on the real and terrible injuries Christ bore with patience, and on how you should imitate Him in accepting patiently the little injuries that are done to you.*

4. You like to be alone more than is good for you. Crowds irritate you and the conversation of talkative people gets on your nerves. Your tendency is to stay away from people, except intimate friends, as much as possible. . . . *Attend evening devotions in church twice a week during Lent and once a week visit a sick acquaintance in a hospital.*

5. You are inclined to have bad thoughts, and to experience temptations to unchastity, and then to worry excessively about whether you consented to the temptations, and whether you have been forgiven even after you have confessed them. . . . *Go to confession once a week during Lent to the same confessor, with the intention of being blindly and absolutely obedient to the commands and advice he gives.*

III. Choleric

1. You think too much of the importance of getting ahead, of getting to the top, of being recognized as a success in the material sense of the word. You work overtime at your job. You study nights. You neglect your family's

need of recreation and companionship in your effort to become richer and more successful. You believe in action, constant untiring action to achieve your ambitious goals. . . . *Tie yourself down to one half hour of meditation every day, preferably before the Blessed Sacrament, during which you will think especially of the emptiness of worldly success, the importance of becoming a saint, and the need of prayers and God's grace to attain that goal.*

2. You find yourself constantly tempted to criticize those who hold positions of authority over you, whether it be civil authority, ecclesiastical authority (pastors and bishops), or business authority. They rarely please you by their decisions or actions, and you let others know that you could do much better than those who actually hold authority over you. . . . *For the sake of the humility, respect for authority, and obedience you need, adopt, during Lent, the practice of performing daily some menial service for others, especially those who are dependent on you. Do household tasks in your home that you previously scorned to do. Spend time with your children, waiting on them, helping them, teaching them. Thus, instead of criticizing those above you, see what you can do for those below you.*

3. You have a quick and violent temper, and find yourself too often giving way to angry words against others who cross you. Thus your wife and children have to be constantly fearful lest they say or do something that may cause an explosion of your anger. You are inclined to use profanity and other bad language when angry. . . . *Every day during Lent, make an examination of conscience at a specific time, frankly facing your own past sins and your present faults, with the realization that, if you remember your own sins, you will*

The Liguorian

be less inclined to become angry at the sins of others. Make a humble confession of your faults and sins once a week, in order that the thought of God's forgiveness may make you forgiving toward others.

4. You are inclined to be intolerant of the mistakes made by others, whether they be automobile drivers on the road, co-workers or subordinates in business, or friends and acquaintances in your parish and neighborhood. You are inclined to take the floor in discussions and to hold it; to squash the opinions of others; to blast at those who make what you think are mistakes. . . . *Make the Way of the Cross every day during Lent, thinking of how tolerant God was with those who persecuted His Son, and how His Providence can still draw good out of evil which you are not able to prevent.*

IV. Phlegmatic

1. Your greatest weakness is sloth and laziness. You like to putter around far into the night and to lie in bed late in the morning. You are content to be occupied with trifles, when there are important things to be done. You are good at taking clocks apart and putting them together again, when you should be working at a job on which your living depends. If you lose a job, you don't bestir yourself very earnestly to obtain another. . . . *Set a definite time for retiring each night during Lent, and a definite early hour for rising, as a penance for past sloth and a means of developing reliability. Go to Mass and*

receive Communion every morning to give yourself a serious start each day.

2. You are inclined to an inordinate love of your possessions, whether they be money or the little and big things you own. You are known to be "thrifty" with what you own to the point of being miserly. Appeals for charity leave you quite cold. You like to look at your bank book, to count your assets, to store away trinkets and gadgets that you might use some day. . . . *During Lent, make the sacrifice of something you own, or make a money donation to charity once each week. just to overcome your possessiveness for the love of God.*

3. You like to be comfortable and undisturbed, and prefer a soft chair, a good smoke, good meals, and having nothing to do, to almost any kind of activity or association with others. . . . *During Lent, besides observing strictly the commanded fast and abstinence, give up candy and desserts, in order to overcome your special temptation to lead a soft and easy life.*

4. You have a sharp sense of humor and a caustic tongue, and often hurt others by the use of sarcasm or by making fun of their mistakes, their mannerisms, and even their physical defects, for the sake of a laugh. . . . *Adopt, during Lent, the habit of apologizing to persons who show they have been hurt by your misguided sense of humor, and punish yourself every time you realize you have hurt someone by saying a special prayer for him.*

Tops

A baby likes to be firmly squeezed.

A baby delights in having sneezed.

They like to eat strange and exotic things

Like codliver oil and soap and rings.

But the act that leaves them completely entranced

Is to sit on laps without waterproof pants.

—Catherine Walsh in *Franciscan Message*

Love Thy Neighbor's Goods

War makes thieves out of even respectable people Yet it does not kill their consciences, which continue to make them morally accountable before God.

L. G. Miller

MRS. BARTON SMEDLEY was entertaining a group of officers' wives at her home. During a lull in their bridge-playing, while the ladies were refreshing themselves with sundry small sandwiches and coffee, the subject turned on the topic of previous army experiences.

For army wives, of course, this was a well-worn topic of conversation. These women had, through their husbands, wedded themselves to the military service, and their lives were completely circumscribed by the choice they had made. They lived in a little world all their own, bounded by the possibility of promotion for their respective husbands on the one side, and the recurring variety of changes in station on the other.

"What a nice flavor your sandwich spread has, Bertha," said Mrs. Murdock, whose husband was a captain in Supply. "Reminds me of the *hors-d'oeuvres* we used to get in Garmisch. Remember that cute little hotel, Maxine?"

"Where Rex and I and you and Bert went on your tenth anniversary?"

"Yes."

"I certainly do. That was where our waiter had the big handlebar mustaches, and where he refused to bring us any more peppermint schnapps." Maxine's husband was Captain Weatherly, the post adjutant.

"Of course," said Mrs. Murdock, "We already had had three jiggers apiece, and Rex came to the party feeling pretty good to begin with, so you

couldn't really blame the poor man."

"I just adored Germany," said Mrs. Smedley. "There were so many lovely things to see there. Bart and I got around and saw everything."

"That's the advantage of not having any children," said Maxine, who herself had two. "With children you're so tied down."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Smedley. "Bart and I have often thought we'd like a family. But we were moving about so much, it just didn't seem right. We had to be content with Toots and Sweetheart and Dimples."

Toots and Sweetheart and Dimples were three small Pekinese, who sat together in an easy chair in one corner of the room. On hearing their names mentioned, they wagged their tails, but showed no inclination to move. Rich living on various selected dog foods, with other assorted scraps from the Smedley table, had made them fat and disinclined to exercise.

"Isn't that right, darlings?" said Mrs. Smedley, walking over to her pets and taking them into her lap as she sat down. "Aren't you mama's little lambkins?"

The other women observed this touching demonstration of maternal affection with at least well-feigned interest.

"Bertha," said Mrs. Harris, the fourth of the bridge group. "I am really envious of your beautiful piano. Where on earth did you pick it up?"

Mrs. Harris was the wife of a second lieutenant in the motor pool, and real-

ized full well her privilege of social communication with her betters. But the other ladies in the group were magnanimous, and good bridge players being not too common on a small post, were glad to make her welcome.

"Oh, Bart and I got that in Germany," said Mrs. Smedley, "I fell in love with it the first time I saw it, and I said to Bart, 'I've just got to have it.'"

The piano was indeed a beautiful piece of work. It was a small upright of finest mahogany, with inlays at each end, and above the keyboard a delicate carving of leaves and garlands.

"But it must have cost you a small fortune," said Mrs. Harris.

"Oh no, Alice my dear. It didn't cost us a thing."

"It didn't?"

"Well, I'll take that back. It cost us a pound of coffee and a carton of cigarettes."

Mrs. Harris looked very much surprised. She was married only a short time, and her husband had not as yet been summoned for overseas duty. Mrs. Smedley noted the surprise, and was not loath to expand upon her own accomplishments.

"You see, my dear," she said, "when we first went to Germany after the war, we were fortunate enough to be billeted in a very fine German home. I remember how the people who owned it carried on when they had to leave. But of course we had to have a place to stay, you know. So we moved in. And here was this beautiful piano sitting in the corner of the front room. I said to Bart: 'I must have that piano.' Well, at first he said no, that we weren't allowed to take anything out of the house, and that we might get into a lot of trouble if we did. But then the most providential thing happened."

The other ladies, their interest now

fully aroused, waited expectantly.

"I was rummaging around upstairs one day and I found some old papers and documents belonging to the family. Among them was a membership card in the *Hitlerjugend*. It had the name of Gerhard Schneider on it, and I remembered that he was the son of the family that owned the house."

"What was the *Hitlerjugend*, Bertha?" asked Mrs. Harris.

"It was the youth organization for all German boys and girls under Hitler. I guess in some places they had to belong to it, or their parents would starve. Anyway, I gave the card to Bart when he came home from work that night, and all I said to him was: 'Here's the price of the piano, Bart dear.' He got the idea right away."

"What did he do?"

"He said 'I guess if there were Nazis living here, their possessions are legitimate booty.' The next day he went to the Schneiders and told them we were going to take the piano, and if they tried to make any trouble, he would turn the card over to the denazification court."

"What a cute story," said Mrs. Murdock. "Did the Schneiders try to do anything about it?"

"Oh, Bart said they carried on something awful, said the piano was in the family for years, and that they had never been Nazis at all. But Bart acted real stern, said it was his duty to turn them in, and that they ought to be grateful he didn't, and that he would just keep the card to make sure they behaved."

"What about the coffee and cigarettes?"

"Well, when I heard they felt so bad, I decided to give them something."

"I think you did pretty well," said Mrs. Murdock. "Why with a pound of

The Liguorian

coffee and a carton of cigarettes in those days you could buy half of Germany."

Young Mrs. Harris was looking at her hostess with such big round eyes that the latter shifted uneasily in her chair.

"Everybody took things, you know," she said. "The Nazis had to expect that after all the terrible things they did."

"Sure, Bertha, sure," said Mrs. Murdock. "That's how Rex picked up our set of Dresden china. It was in a house where he stayed one night while his battalion was waiting to cross the Rhine. Everything there was booty, they all said, so Rex didn't hesitate to take it. Though how he got it back intact, I'll never know."

The conversation flowed on to other subjects, but Mrs. Smedley kept watching young Mrs. Harris, who suddenly fell silent and abstracted. Almost, thought Mrs. Smedley, as if she had been scandalized, and she smiled to herself at such an old-fashioned idea. Nobody, of course, was scandalized in these days.

Still, a little twinge had begun to assert itself in her conscience, a twinge which had cropped up at times unexpectedly in the past. When the ladies had finally hastened off to their respective homes to get supper started, Mrs. Smedley sat in a chair in her elegantly furnished front room. Around her were her prized curios, trophies of her travels, secured in one way or another from various far corners of the earth.

She was still sitting there a few moments later when her husband drove up in front of the house in his new Buick. The military residential area for the post was situated only a quarter of a mile or so from the administration office where he worked. It was a nicely kept up area, the houses all alike,

gleaming with their white paint. From time to time directives flowed from the post commander having to do with the color and size of fences, the care and nurture of grass, and the prescribed shape and size of flower beds, and although this standardization produced set patterns, it also brought about a certain measured beauty.

Major Smedley proceeded slowly along the walk to his front door, looking over his lawn, making a mental note to call the engineers about fertilizer for one or two bare spots, promising himself that tonight he would put out his sprinkler and give the grass a good watering. Whatever were Major Smedley's faults, it could be said of him that he had found his niche in the military, and had no desire in life beyond promotion at the usual pace, and honorable retirement after thirty years. However, on the first of these two ambitions, the good major was somewhat upset. His first remark to his spouse was:

"Smithers got his light colonel leaf today."

"No!" said Mrs. Smedley. "Is the new list coming out already?"

"Apparently it is. Why they promoted him, I'll never know. He don't know from nothing."

"Well, don't worry, dear. Maybe you'll be on the list too."

Major Smedley grunted in disbelief. "When I see guys like that promoted ahead of me," he said, "it makes me wonder if it is worth while trying."

This was bread and butter talk with the major and his wife, as with most of the other families of their acquaintance. But tonight, somehow or other, Mrs. Smedley could not enter into the discussion with her usual vigor and acidity.

"Dear," she said, "I've been thinking about our piano."

The Liguorian

"Eh?"

"Our piano."

"What about it?"

"Do you think you did right in bringing it with us from Germany?"

Major Smedley looked at his spouse with bewilderment.

"Aren't you feeling well?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm fine."

"Well, why this sudden worry about the piano?"

"I just got to thinking this afternoon, and I began to wonder if we did right in taking it from that German family."

"Now listen, Bertha, we've been over this before. I'm not going to take all the blame for it. You kept after me, don't forget that. I didn't think it was exactly right at first. But you badgered me until I did something about it."

"But was it right?"

"Sure it was all right. Everybody brought back stuff from Germany, you know that."

"Yes, I guess that's true. Or is it? At any rate, it's certainly too late to do anything about it now, isn't it?"

Her husband wrinkled his brow in exasperation.

"Now look here," he said. "We've got the piano, and we're going to keep it. You get these attacks of conscience every now and then, like the measles. I wish you would forget about it once and for all. Now I'm going to mix a drink. Do you want one with me?"

"Yes, dear."

Mrs. Smedley stood by the piano and watched her husband disappear into the kitchen. She put out her hand and touched the mahogany, and it seemed almost soft and silky to the touch. Idly she struck a note or two. There was a slight frown on her features as she gazed into the distance.

Then resolutely she turned away, and the frown had almost disappeared as she followed her husband into the kitchen.

Tale of a Monument

*(Written on seeing the gorgeous marble resting-place
of the bones of a notorious vice-king.)*

This is my monument—

This house of marble, this expensive stone.

Here's where my body went

When from the earth my soul went forth alone.

See how the curious gaze,

Remembering my money-making fame.

Hear how each one assays

The cost of here preserving but my name.

This is what should be known

By all who look with envy on this shell:

The price of this carved stone

Bought for my soul a residence in hell.

L. F. H.



Three Minute Instruction

Love in Religion

There are some who so overstress the necessity of faith as a means of salvation that they leave practically nothing of the duty of loving God. There are others who so overstress the fear of God's punishments that they make loving God all but impossible. Loving God is the first and greatest commandment of the law for these reasons.

1. Love is the highest and most perfect exercise of man's freedom. Freedom is essentially the power to choose between God, as He is known by reason and faith, but not seen, and created things, as they are seen and desired but sometimes recognized as contrary to the Will of God. Love of God means rejecting even the most appealing of created objects when choosing to enjoy such would mean rejecting and losing God's love.

2. Love is an assertion on the part of man, of the supremacy of his will over his feelings and emotions. There are some who make religion consist in a "feeling" of being saved. This view destroys the image and likeness of God in a human being, which are to be found in his possession of a spiritual intellect and a free will. It makes religion dependent on something that man has in common with brute animals, viz., wayward, changeable, undependable feelings. To love God is to will what God wills, no matter what may be happening in one's feelings and emotions.

3. The love of God is the consequence and necessary complement of faith in God's words. The purpose of all God's revelations of Himself was not merely to inform the mind of man and to leave the rest of him untouched or unmoved. It was to set in motion all his powers and faculties. It was, first, to provide the motives of love for his will, and to show his will how to govern all the other powers of his being in accordance with God's Will. Faith reveals God and God's Will to man's mind; love is the will to remain turned to God and to do God's Will.

Faith in God, without the love of God, will save nobody. Faith that induces only fear of God's punishments is a wrong faith or an incomplete faith. Faith that is combined only with feelings is unworthy of the dignity of man. Faith is futile unless it be combined with its twin, which is loving God by choosing to do His Will.

Objective: Brazil

If you enjoy travel, this American priest's eye view of the voyage to Brazil, where he has been assigned to minister to the people of the jungle areas, will be like taking a trip yourself.

W. T. Cullen

The sun is blazing overhead. The ship is bearing southward down the sweep of the broad Atlantic. The blue water is passed, gone the green weedy current of the Sargasso Sea; latterly the ocean shows brownish yellow. Muddy waters are not far distant.

It is high noon. The captain and passengers dine in the officers' mess. The mate looks in with a word to the skipper. In times past a man perched aloft might have called the message from the look-out: Land ahead! The coasts of Brazil have been sighted.

There they lie, a thin line on the haze of the horizon. The passengers, some strangers, some homecoming, watch at the rails. The hazy coastline becomes a shimmering margin, green and white—an endless seeming vista of creamy roofed town and shaded villa along the water's edge. In reality, of course, no human dwelling is to be found within hundreds of miles. The green and white is simply the jungle crowding to the deep sanded shore.

The passengers view the land with varying emotions. To the captain and crew the coast means a stage of the journey completed. No storms, no mishaps, fine weather, a routine passage. The captain, a comfortable man at fifty-five, retires to his cabin and mixes a gin tonic. He strokes the ear of his pet ocelot, a cat-like creature, which lifts sensitive nostrils and sniffs the breezes coming in at the port-hole, breezes tinged with the flavor of a half-forgotten jungle home.

The officers and crew, after nine days afloat, look forward to what pleasures the port may offer: hotel accommodations, civilian clothes, meat and drink and movies—what have you?

A Brazilian youth, lolling in a deck chair, turns now and then to view the approaching continent. Five years away in other lands, he still has a journey of days ahead before coming to his home port. He is endowed with a smooth Latin geniality, also a native fondness for loud music, which he indulges nightly at the salon radio. The language of the stranger flows trippingly from his tongue; many ways of the educated north are his. Now, however, the languors of southern climes again claim him for their own. He rouses from an after-dinner reverie, cocks an eye at the dirt streaked water slipping past. "The *rio-mar*," he says, pointing with his chin—the ocean-river. He means to say that the ship approaches the dark mouth of Brazil's dusky water giantess, the Amazon.

A young couple, complete with baby, come topside to look over Brazil. The husband has a somewhat set fixture of jaw, the wife a rather loud, determined cheerful tone; the baby is neutral. The mother dandles the baby for the captain's pleasure, who, always polite, remarks that the infant is a good sailor. These people are evangelists of some zealot sect bringing the light of the Gospel to Catholic Brazil. The captain, a Protestant, does not view them with favor. Evangelists are not

The Liguorian

a welcome lot in South America, and the captain is a man committed to the Good Neighbor policy. Moreover, his ship and company are committed to the same. To him the Reverend with the jutting jaw does not seem a likely harbinger of Good Neighbor sentiment. The preacher, to keep a hand in on the voyage, has made sundry evangelical passes at the ship's personnel. His efforts have met with indifferent success.

The ship is mainly a carrier. The passengers are few, among them several American priests, mission bound. Of these, some have made the journey before; the others find it a new and rather bewildering experience. Ahead lies Brazil. Through months past stretches a process leading hither—papers, permits, documents, letters. Back-and-forth dealings with Washington. Tests, examinations, certificates, photographs. Finally the passport, then a quest for the Brazilian visa.

First, however, and outstanding is the not to be forgotten series of "shots". Shots for typhoid, paratyphoid, typhus, yellow fever. Shots for lockjaw, diphtheria, smallpox. Shots, seemingly, against all the grim array of ills to which fallen nature is prey—at least in Latin America. And after all these, and at long last, the visa, signed and sealed by a consul of Brazil in the United States, permission to go to Brazil and stay. If, as the poet says, heaven is not reached at a single bound, neither, to alter the locale, is Brazil.

Now it is all water over the dam. A week before the sky-line of New York faded into the distance. Liberty, lofting her torch, was lost to view. The ship, coming into the open ocean, dropped her American pilot and turned right at "Ambrose", the harbor buoy which marks the parting of the ways. Here ships Europe bound turn to the

left or keep a straight course; ships for South America bear to the right.

In the night, phosphorescence, like fireflies, sprinted off the bows. Eerie light floated over the waters. By day, schools of fish rushed past. Flying fish leaped high in the air. Off the coast of Florida the weather grew sultry. Opposite Haiti no doubt remained that one was in the tropics. On the last day out the ship crossed the equator, and the passengers became members of the Order of Neptune.

The priests said Mass in their cabins. On Sunday, Mass for Catholics aboard was offered in the salon. The captain, Episcopalian, attended and knelt throughout. Amongst the men, most were present, some few stayed to their quarters; others, from faraway places, lounged in their hammocks on the lower deck. No good this having too much religion, they asserted; the Lord plucks the ripe fruit first. Better to stay green. The padres, hoping to confound this vague bit of heterodoxy, remarked that green wood takes a lot of burning.

At present, the engines are slowing to a stop. The ship stands by to be boarded by a Brazilian pilot. This worthy arrives, cutting a swath in his power boat, a dingy white cap his only sign of office. Knowing that he is not altogether necessary, he swaggers the more. No man can question his presence, for maritime law requires that a native mariner conduct all ocean going ships in and out of port harbors. In the history of the sea, however, it has not been unknown that the pilot sought out a cabin and retired while the captain and crew took the ship in on their own. Just now the passengers wonder if it could happen again.

A hundred miles remain to port. The ship leaves the ocean and enters the delta. The sun is bright, the heat

The Liguorian

fearful; even the glow on the water becomes unbearable. Turgid mud pours from the mouth of the Amazon. Sea breezes strive to cool the steam bathed air. Few fishing boats are on the ocean. Here and there a black or red sail marks the *jangada*. The red sails have been treated with fish blood. The black sails betoken the shark fishers. A man smiles sheepishly from a passing boat, as if in apology for his small cargo of sharks.

Far over to the right lies Marajo Island, as big as Switzerland and ten thousand times more empty. Here young Negro men with harpoons keep a sharp lookout for alligators. When the water rises, these denizens of mire and slime quietly float in with the tide, make a rush at the farms, and help themselves to the tiny calves. After, with much gaping and smirking, they saunter back to their river lair, or bask in the mud and sun. Taken by and large, the Brazilian alligator, called *jacare*, is far more attractive as a hand-bag than on the hoof.

The afternoon passes slowly away. The sun loses its terrible strength travelling westward down the sky. Shadows fall across the water. The jungle becomes a deep and purple green. On one side no land can be sighted while the ship sails steadily close to the lee shore. The width of the mighty river is greater than that of many a lake. The current is running against the ship. The engineer says that it will not make port before seven o'clock.

There is little or no twilight. The sun sinks over the brim of the ocean; the light holds a brief interval, gradually disappears. Small fishing craft, not to be run down by the ship, light oil lamps. On the shore an occasional lantern glimmers through the dark. Overhead stars make an appearance. "Allow me," says a seasoned traveller,

pointing upward, "to introduce you to the Southern Cross." There it is, the sign set in the sky to bless Brazil—four large stars in the form of a perfect cross. Brazilians claim it as their own. With it they embellish their flag and their songs. They call their country, by reason of the constellation blazing above them, Land of the Holy Cross.

Lights along the bank become more frequent. A dim cluster shows a river settlement. Another outlines a shipyard. One town succeeds the other, dark distances between. At last the sky ahead reflects the glow of a sizeable city. The ship, keeping outside the quarantine limit, glides through the darkness, seeking a berth in the harbor. It is now eight-thirty in the evening.

The captain peers through his glass. The journey, he decides, is at an end. The bells clang, the whistle blows, the engines stop. The ship drifts opposite the town. Of a sudden the order is given to drop anchor. Lights blaze on from top to stern. All flags are raised. It is the signal to authorities ashore that a ship is waiting to come to port.

After some time and misgivings the captain's glass picks up a launch setting out from the land. In due time the customs' men come aboard. These are some six in number, all rather heavily official but polite. In their wake follows a mariner whom Mr. Coleridge may have had in mind while penning his Lay. On seeing the Padres he is the first to touch the rim of his sailor hat. The officials also nod, perhaps curtly but in that way which a Catholic, good or bad, uses to salute a priest.

The business of the papers is dispatched. The ship is to stay out in the harbor overnight. The Padres, in their religious habits, may go in to shore. Down the side they clamber

The Liguorian

and into the waiting launch. Across the dark waters to an ill-lighted wharf. For some it will be the first time to tread the soil of Brazil. The soil is but a gravel covered dock near an old warehouse.

As Cabral, the first white man in the land, came ashore in 1500, Indians peered from behind spreading palms. The Cross was planted. Native chiefs came with ceremony to offer obeisance.

Here again are the palms, here the white men. Perhaps the few loiterers at the river's edge may have the blood of ancient races in their system. But there is no ceremony—though enough peering. No obeisance from native chiefs, occupied now in hotel lobbies over rum and cigars, toasting the coming elections. As to the Cross, it has

long since been firmly in place.

Instead a taxi sidles along and the Fathers begin their journey through the dimly lit city streets. The town is Belem, in the state of Para, Brazil; or to give it the full name: the City of Our Lady, Saint Mary of Bethlehem of the Great River.

Passing through the parks and boulevards, one of the newcomers brightly remarks that this is just like home except, maybe, for the poor lighting. The others silently look out of the window.

"This, friend," says a veteran, "is only the beginning."

"Wait," says a second, "just wait."

"There is more to Brazil," adds a third, "than meets the eye."

Many a true word is spoken in jest.

The Good Driver's Ten Commandments

1. He keeps his car in safe condition.
2. He drives only when sober, and never to great weariness.
3. His mind does not wander, for safe driving keeps a man busy.
4. He keeps always to the speed which gives perfect control.
5. He passes intersections and grade crossings with care.
6. To children and pedestrians he gives thought, for over them he has the power of life and death.
7. He obeys the laws of the land, knowing that obedience may increase his years.
8. For the hazards of driving in the night, he makes allowance.
9. Though his soul be tried, he knows that courtesy is the first law of self-preservation.
10. When he goes on foot, he remembers the Golden Rule.

Raw Materials

Some facts about movie film:

Enough film to reach from the earth to the moon — 221,000 miles — is used every year to make American motion pictures.

America's 19,311 movie theatres show two billion feet of film every year. It takes a quantity of cotton equal to the amount needed for a million dresses to make the film for American motion pictures every year. Film is cellulose with a coating of silver, and cellulose is a by-product of cotton.

The motion picture industry uses more silver annually in the making of film than is needed to plate all the knives and forks and spoons used in the United States.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

May the Divorced Receive the Sacraments?

Problem: We have had many discussions about the attitude of the Catholic Church toward divorced people. Our discussions have boiled down to these three questions: 1) Can a divorced Catholic, whose first wife is still living and who has attempted a second marriage and is living with the second woman, receive the last sacraments in danger of death? 2) Can a woman who divorced her first husband, then attempted a second marriage, reenter the Catholic Church when this second partner dies, though the first is still living? 3) Can a woman who divorced her first husband, attempted a second marriage and later divorced this second partner, reenter the Catholic Church?

Solution: Case No. 1: The Catholic Church does everything possible for the dying, no matter what sins they have committed before. However, she cannot supply for the dispositions that are absolutely necessary for the forgiveness of any sin. In the case of a divorced Catholic who has been living in adultery with an unlawful partner, (even though legally "married,") it may impart the last sacraments only on condition that the person sincerely repents of having entered the invalid marriage and absolutely promises to break it up if he recovers. The priest can do nothing if the dying person will not make such a promise. And only God can judge the sincerity of the promise when it is made to the priest. If it is sincere, he will grant forgiveness through the absolution of the priest. If it is not sincere, the absolution will not remove the sins that have been committed and, in the event of death, the soul will be lost.

Case No. 2: A Catholic woman who has attempted a second marriage after having divorced her lawful husband, may return to the Church and the sacraments when her partner in adultery dies, if she is sincerely sorry for her sins, determined never to attempt another invalid marriage, and ready to accept and fulfill whatever penance and obligations the confessor may impose upon her.

Case No. 3: The solution of this case is practically the same as in No. 2. A woman who is living in an invalid or adulterous marriage may make a good confession and return to the full practice of her faith as soon as she escapes from the adulterous union. Of course she must fulfill the same conditions of true sorrow, determination never again to attempt an invalid marriage, and readiness to do whatever penance a confessor imposes on her. In both this and Case No. 2, the determination not to attempt another invalid marriage includes the promise not to take up steady company-keeping with anybody.

Lent and Holy Communion

It is strange that so much needs to be said to urge Catholics to make use of one of the greatest privileges ever bestowed on man by God. Let this urging settle the matter once and for all for many readers.

E. F. Miller

THE MOST potent practice that Catholics can take up for Lent in order to rid themselves of the temporal punishment due to sin, to overcome tendencies to sin, and to grow in the love of God, is the frequent, even the daily, reception of Holy Communion. Abstinence from smoking, eating candy, giving up the movies and secular magazines are highly commended for Lent. But abstinence cannot be compared, in the good effected, to the practice of uniting oneself daily with Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

Contrary to the belief of many of our non-Catholic friends, not only the reception of Holy Communion as *the reception of Our Lord's very Body and Blood*, but the *frequent* reception of Holy Communion, has been urged by the Church from the days of the Apostles.

Pope Anacletus ruled the Church from the years 100 to 112, and thus must have known the Apostle St. John who died sometime after the year 100. Possibly the two men met. But whether they met or not, the words of Anacletus prove that his teachings were not his own but the teachings of the Apostles. In one of his letters he wrote: "When consecration is finished, let *all* communicate . . . for so the Apostles have ordained and so the Holy Roman Church teaches."

The great writer and learned man Tertullian lived between the years 150 and 200. The same tradition held in his day. He wrote clearly about the cus-

tom of the people receiving Communion on all the Sundays of the year as well as on other special feast days. There is no implication in his words that the practice was of recent origin. Rather, it is as though Tertullian were taking it for granted that people went to Communion frequently and had been doing so from the beginning.

St. Cyprian lived between the years 200 and 300. He said in one of his books, "We receive each day the Eucharist as the food of salvation unless for some grievous sin we are obliged to abstain from it." There hardly could be a clearer statement than this. And note: it is a statement of fact. It is not an exhortation or a command. Catholics go to Holy Communion every day — that is the practice of the times.

St. Augustine lived in the fifth century. "So live," he preached to his people, "that you may receive Holy Communion every day." There may have been some Catholics who were drifting away from daily Communion. St. Augustine reminded them of the ancient tradition.

Quotations of this kind could be multiplied as to the practice of the early Church in regard to Holy Communion. And it was in the early Church that persecution raged so fiercely. It may be that the extraordinary courage exhibited by so many people of every class and condition in giving up their lives for the Faith (some historians estimate that there were several million martyrs during the first three cen-

turies of the Church's existence) was due to their frequent reception of Holy Communion. It is difficult to explain such a prodigality of courage with mere human reasons.

After the glory of the middle ages had passed, and especially when the rigors of Jansenism began to destroy the devotion of the faithful, the reception of Communion fell off. One of the Councils of the Church had to pass a decree commanding Catholics to go to Communion at least once a year or be guilty of mortal sin. The laxity that forced the Church to command Catholics to take Our Lord into their hearts at least once a year may have been responsible for the eventual Protestant reformation that split Christianity in two. It is our belief that the "reformation" would not have happened if the practice of the early Church had continued down through the centuries.

Since the days of Pope Pius X, who died in 1914, frequent Communion has been brought back as an essential part of Catholic life. Due to this, the Faith has taken on a vigor that is comparable to the golden era of the 13th century. Innumerable converts are being made, vocations to the priesthood and the convent are multiplying, and examples of great holiness are to be seen in almost every country of the world. The Church is entering a period of wonderful vitality that promises great good for souls and for the peace of the world.

However, there is danger that the very frequency with which Holy Communion is being received may open the door to coldness, indifference and habits of routine that will make the sacrament merely a matter of form and not an injection of divine power into the soul. There is danger that the requirements demanded for a fruitful Communion may be neglected and that the conviction may grow that the only thing nec-

essary is that Communion be received, without worry as to *how* it should be received. To destroy this danger we review briefly the teaching of the Church on the dispositions that are essential for a worthy Communion.

The state of grace is the first disposition necessary. It would be a sacrilege to receive Holy Communion in the state of mortal sin. The sacrament of confession must be received if one has had the misfortune of offending God seriously, before one is allowed to approach the holy table.

This does not mean that one has to go to confession before every Communion. There may have been some who held this opinion in former years. They were in error. Even though there is a venial sin on the soul, Holy Communion may be received. Of course, there should be true sorrow for that sin. Communion has the power of taking away venial sin even as confession has that power. Let it be repeated, then, that *confession is not commanded for every reception of Holy Communion* so long as there are no serious sins on the soul. Priests try to go to confession once a week. Yet, they receive Holy Communion every day. So it may be with lay people. If it were difficult to go to confession oftener than once a month, it would still be permissible for them to receive Communion every day, provided they remained free from mortal sin.

Frequent communicants are urged to go to confession often. Confession not only takes away sin, but it builds up strength to avoid sin in the future. It is not a sufficient excuse to say, "I have no sins to tell." All one has to do who is in so happy a state is to say to the priest, "Father, I did not commit any sins since my last confession; but I am sorry for all the sins of my life, especially those against the fourth (or the sixth or the eighth or any one of the other

commandments failed against in the past) commandment." Thereupon the priest gives absolution, and a new injection of spiritual strength and power has been driven into the soul.

Another condition necessary for a worthy reception of Holy Communion is fasting. Nothing may be eaten or drunk from midnight until after Communion. In late years exceptions have been made to this law. People who work nights and find it very difficult to fast can receive a dispensation from the bishop through the pastor to fast only four hours from solid food and one hour from liquid food, (excluding alcoholic liquors) before going to Communion. For people who find it impossible to keep the fast because of poor health, permission can be obtained from the Holy See (which permission is secured through the pastor of the parish) to receive Communion without fasting. The reason must be serious, of course, before this permission is granted.

Most people must fast. This means that they are not allowed to eat even a crumb of bread or to drink a drop of water.

It does not mean that they are forbidden to wash their teeth for fear that they might swallow a drop of water. The Church has not passed the law of fasting to make her children scrupulous. The teeth may be washed before one receives Holy Communion. Ordinary prudence is used to avoid swallowing some of the tooth paste or water; and then worry is forgotten. Communion should be received without internal torture and questioning, "Did I or did I not swallow some water when I washed my teeth?"

Neither does smoking break the fast as long as the cigar or the cigarette or a part of either is not swallowed with the smoke. It is a good practice to abstain from smoking before going to

Communion in order to prepare the soul for the coming of our Lord by means of a little bit of penance. But there is no command of the Church saying that smoking is forbidden. Even chewing tobacco is not forbidden if a man is so talented that he can do so without swallowing anything during the whole period before Communion. It is to be strongly advised, however, that this practice be avoided before Communion out of respect for the Blessed Sacrament.

Far more important than the fasting, for a good reception of Holy Communion, is the faith that should accompany the sacred ceremony. The communicant must believe firmly and without a shadow of doubt that it is really and truly the Son of God, in His Body and in His Blood, who is coming into his heart. There must be no indecision in regard to this. The Blessed Sacrament is not merely a memorial of the last supper; not merely a piece of bread that reminds one of the time Our Lord ate bread the night before He died. The Blessed Sacrament is the same God who made heaven and earth and all things on it. Because He cannot be seen with bodily eyes, faith must take over and assure the communicant that he is being granted a privilege not given even to the angels—of eating the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in response to the promise of Our Lord, "I am the living Bread come down from heaven. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath life everlasting."

Secondly, he must receive with fervor. This demands some preparation and thanksgiving. Holy Communion great as it is in itself, will not revitalize a man and carry him to the high peaks of holiness unless he dispose himself to make use of its graces. There are many examples of men and women in the country who went through Catholic

schools and academies and who received Holy Communion daily for several years, and who ran off shortly after they finished school and entered a bad and invalid marriage. God cannot be blamed for this. There must have been something wrong with the manner of receiving Communion. There must have been a lack of fervor and the proper dispositions. Perhaps these people received daily Communion in the state of serious sin. Perhaps they made no preparation for the sacrament and no thanksgiving afterwards. It could be that they were just as wooden in their feeling for what they were doing as a dry and dusty stick in the street. Naturally, then, the graces of the sacrament would not penetrate their soul. Their souls would even be weaker after such Communions than they were before, for there would be added to them the fault of indifference to the presence of God.

The preparation should consist in true sorrow for the past. If it is difficult to arouse this sorrow, a prayer-book or the missal should be used. Incidentally, there is no better preparation for Holy Communion than the following of the prayers of the Mass that come before Communion as these prayers are found in the missal.

Thanksgiving after Mass should consist in acts of love, hope, faith and contrition. All the favors that the communicant wants should be mentioned at this time. God is present in the heart. If there is any time when He listens to what is said to Him, it is when He is visiting the creature whom He made. The thanksgiving should last at least fifteen minutes. The thanksgiving need not be made in church if that is impos-

sible. Let it continue while the communicant is riding downtown on a bus or a streetcar, or while he is driving his own car, or while he is on the way home to take his breakfast. It is not proper to receive Our Lord and then, two minutes later, be seated at a table taking breakfast. He should be entertained as long as He remains. And there is a strong probability that He remains ten or fifteen minutes before He departs from the soul.

Finally, Holy Communion should be received frequently. Frequently can mean every day for many people who never have gone more than once a month in all their lives. When Our Lord said, "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath life everlasting," He undoubtedly meant, "He who eats My Body as often as He can." The yearly communicant, even though He does eat the Body of Christ, has little chance of saving his soul. God did not come down on earth to be kept at a distance like some fierce tyrant. He came down on earth as a Father and a Brother and a Lover. He is not content unless He is approached as often as it is possible by the ones for whom He invented the sacramental presence.

If you are looking for a practice, then, for this year's Lent, turn your eyes to the altar railing. Decide that at least every day during the holy season you will be present there, even though that means you must get up at five o'clock in the morning. If you receive every day during Lent, perhaps the joy that will come upon you in consequence will move you to continue the practice after Lent is over.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness,
Just a flash and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples
Circling on and on and on.

Anon

I Hear Confessions

You've often wondered what priests think about hearing confessions and about those who come to them in the confessional. Here are some of the answers.

D. F. Miller

I AM a priest. I hear confessions. I have heard thousands of confessions. I also go to confession myself quite regularly, but that is not the angle from which I am writing here. I want to write from the angle of the confessor, not from that of the confessing.

I do so for the sake of the thousands of Catholics who need a good confession, but don't make one because of what they think might go on in the mind of the confessor while they tell their sins. Also for the sake of the thousands who are not Catholics and who have been taught to think that just about the most horrible institution in the world is that in which one human being is supposed to tell another his sins. Well, here are some of the things, "that go on in the mind of the confessor."

Of course I cannot (I say "cannot" instead of "may not" deliberately, because the thing I speak of is so near to a physical impossibility) say anything that would reveal or publish the sins of any individual. That is what is called "the seal of confession." You have to lock up in your heart what you hear. You have to be ready to stand up to inquisitors, dictators, persecutors, and dare them to order you to the gallows or the firing squad or solitary confinement rather than tell them anything about anybody's confession. I suppose every priest has, at some time or other, had the dream of glory involving brave and stony silence in the midst of a third degree about confessions he has heard.

Actually, however, it isn't so hard to keep the seal of confession. I said I have heard thousands of confessions. I have never kept track of the totals, though we are asked to count the number heard on specific occasions. I would roughly guess that I have heard many more than one hundred thousand confessions in twenty odd years, which would be less than five thousand a year. Some years I know they were many more. Anyway, that comes to an average of about one hundred a week, and I've often wondered if there are any other professional men in the world, doctors, lawyers, psychiatrists, etc., who in any given week treat the problems of a hundred different clients. I suppose doctors behind the front lines of a battlefield during a war do. But they would call this "emergency treatment." For hundreds of priests, one hundred or more confessions a week is normal practice for years.

However the point I want to make is that you don't have much capacity for remembering the sins of any individual when you are hearing one hundred or more confessions a week. All the stories blur together. The people whose confessions you have heard become like a crowd that you see only from a distance. You can see different heads and hats and heights, but you cannot distinguish features. You get so that these many voices you have heard whispering through a grate are like the one great voice of humanity whispering its plea for forgiveness and peace.

Sometimes, it is true, a penitent may arrange it so that you won't forget him or his sins. He comes to you in the parlor of a rectory, or he takes you aside from a gathering of people, and tells you outright what sins he has committed and asks you if there is any chance for him. Sometimes, if the place and time are suitable, you can have him kneel down at once, and put it all into a sacramental confession. He doesn't care what you know about him or what you think of him. To him you are but an anonymous and shadowy instrument of God's mercy. But after such an open confession you sometimes find the penitent wanting to keep in touch with you, remembering you with a greeting on feast days, reporting on how well he has been doing since the "big" confession was made. This makes you very happy. Indeed, it is one of the great sources of happiness for a priest. It keeps before your eyes the kind of miraculous transformation that can be effected in people through a good confession and the strong graces that are imparted through the absolution you are empowered to pronounce.

There are those, too, who come to you regularly in the confessional in quest of guidance and help toward greater holiness. They want you to know them and to remember them just well enough to enable you to give them continuous direction. To you they become souls without external features; you would not recognize them outside the confessional. Sometimes, on meeting you, a person will say: "I've been going to confession to you for ten years." Yet you won't have the slightest inkling of which "case" or "soul history" the person represents.

But nobody ever has to reveal himself, or herself, to the priest, either face to face, or by personal identification, when in need of a good confession. All

they have to do is to join the queue outside the confessional, become one of the nameless, faceless, blurring multitude on a Saturday afternoon or evening, and slip into the shadowy cubicle when their turn comes. The story may be long or short; it may be weighted with big numbers revealing many falls, or it may come tumbling out charged with the emotions of remorse, sadness, fear, humiliation, grief. It may be the simple and placid revelation of those half deliberate slips and failings of which the Gospel says that even the just man can be guilty seven times a day. It doesn't matter to the priest. He has heard it all before. He has acquired the personal disinterest that routine and monotony and anonymity cannot but produce. Yet that personal disinterest, that total lack of curiosity about who the penitent may be, does not destroy an intense desire to become the instrument of another miracle of forgiveness.

But what, you may say, about the reprimands and castigations that the priest sometimes gives to penitents after they have told their sins? What is in the mind of a priest when he rebukes you in the confessional? This is the thing that some people fear most before confession. Sometimes it keeps them away for far too long a time. "What will the priest say to me?" is the question that makes them tremble.

But the motivation behind anything the priest says is so simple that it should allay all fear. Ever since Christ made confession to a priest necessary for forgiveness by the words, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven; whose sins you shall retain they are retained," every ordained priest has been bound to judge, from each penitent's story, whether he may pronounce the words of absolution. In most cases he knows at once that he may. The penitent is

obviously sincere and determined, for the love of God, not to go back to the same sins again. In some cases the priest knows almost at once that he may not give absolution. For example, if a person confesses a certain serious sin, and in the same breath defends it and states in effect that it cannot and will not be given up, the priest is helpless. If nothing he says can change the intent of the one kneeling before him, he himself would be guilty of a mortal sin if he were to pronounce or even feign pronouncing the words of absolution.

Then there are the doubtful cases, cases in which the number of serious falls, and the penitent's manner of confessing them, and the apparent lack of true spiritual awareness, make the confessor wonder whether this person really wants to break with his sins. In such cases, your thought as a confessor is this: If only I can wake this person up! If only I can help him to realize his need for reformation! So you talk to him. The manner of such talking naturally differs from priest to priest; and in the same priest, different circumstances can influence the manner of trying to draw forth a clear expression of love of God and hatred of sin. But the purpose is always the same.

Like all human beings, priests have different temperaments and express themselves in different ways. Some people sound a little bit angry even when they are talking about trivial subjects with friends; some priests sound angry when they are urging someone to take measures to save their souls. That is just their way. All of us who are priests keep trying out different methods of awakening genuine love of God and deep practical sorrow for sin in the hearts of those who appear indifferent. Sometimes a method will be poorly chosen, or ill-adapted to a particular

person on whom it is tried. But there is one thing that should never be forgotten, and should be realized by the person confessing a hundred sins or one sin; the purpose of the confessor is always simple and always the same; he wants the sacramental absolution to be a miracle of forgiveness and transformation.

Another thing that every person in need of a good confession should know. You can make it absolutely unnecessary to receive a "bawling out," as it is so often called, from the priest who hears your confession, no matter how many or how awful are the sins you have to confess. All you have to do is to add, after telling the sins: "I've thought it all over, Father. I have made my decision. I'm now ready to suffer anything, rather than commit these sins again. And I'll stay away from the occasions that led to my downfall. And I'll be at confession and Communion often." If you say something like that, even after the saddest tales of sin, the priest's heart will leap with joy; as often as not he will congratulate you, and figuratively pat you on the back, and send you forth with new encouragement and confidence. It is only when you indicate that you have not made a decision about your offenses against God, or when you say, weakly, in response to a question of whether you intend to avoid the old sins, "I don't know," or "I'll try, but I can't give up what led to my sins," that the priest has to try to enkindle a spark of real love of God in your heart before he can in good conscience give you absolution.

It makes us who are priests sad to think that people are afraid to come to confession, or offended by something that we say to them. It makes us sad that we cannot always say exactly the right thing, and that usually it is those

who need the most to be aroused to hate their sins, who take from confession only a sense of having been mistreated by the priest. It is saddening, too, to find ourselves sometimes subject to circumstances that try our patience and perhaps, much as we want to avoid it, influence our way of speaking. Three or four consecutive hours of hearing confessions while one is sitting in a cramped position, perhaps with the feet growing cold and numb because the heat of the church does not seep into the confessional, or with the temperature around one hundred degrees in summer, and with constant whispering making the mouth dry and sticky, constitute an experience that can hardly be imagined by anyone to whose lot it does not fall. But every conceivable discomfort is forgotten with every confession heard that makes it easy to give absolution because the dispositions of the penitent are so clearly sincere.

Of course there is much talk, outside Catholic circles, about how terrible it is for priests to be listening to the sins of girls, married women, etc. Priests smile when they see such things in anti-Catholic pamphlets. The worst shock most priests ever got in their lives was when they read and studied about the possible sins of human nature before they were ever ordained. There is scarcely any sin that can be committed that cannot be confessed in less than ten words, not one of them descriptive or provocative. It is just about as dangerous to teach the catechism or the ten commandments to a classroom of children, or a prospective convert, as to hear people say what commandments they have broken when they come to confession. Then there's the monotony of it all. It gets to be like hearing football scores of teams you never heard of, or weather reports. Only the supreme consciousness of

being able to work the miracle of forgiveness remains.

But perhaps the best laugh is enjoyed by us who are priests when we hear or read that hearing confessions is a great source of personal enrichment for the priest. I suppose, to those who know nothing of the facts, that it looks like a wonderful opportunity. Into the confessional come people who believe that there and there alone can they be saved from hell. They believe that the priest holds the power to forgive or to retain their sins. What a chance, and what a set-up, for making a little charge, asking for a slight stipend! Yet in the more than one hundred thousand confessions which I, as a priest, have heard, I have never received so much as a penny. And, sticking only to my own experience, I know that not one of the several hundred other priests with whom I am acquainted has ever received a penny for a confession.

Perhaps, too, you'd like to know whether priests talk much among themselves about things they've heard in the confessional. Among ordinary friends, trading secrets is one of the bonds that unite them. Among priests there is no bond that knits them more closely together than the bond of silence about what has been heard in confession. On many an occasion, three or four other priests and myself have heard confessions for from six to eight hours on a Saturday afternoon and evening. When it was all over and we would come together to relax, the only remarks made about the experiences of the day would be such as these: "My feet are half frozen," or "My head is splitting," or "Gee, we must have heard the whole city." You may be very sure that consciousness of the seal of confession is especially strong in the mind of a priest when he is with his fellow-priests, because he knows that they possess that

The Liguorian

acute consciousness themselves.

From what I have said about the discomforts and inconveniences of hearing confessions, don't gather that you are burdening a priest when you go to confession, and that you should for that reason, ever hesitate to go. You may gather this: that if confession were a merely human invention, as the ill-educated outsider to the faith so often says it is, if it were not demonstrably an institution set up by the Son of God Himself, your priests would be the first ones to cast it off. They have to go to confession to a fellow-priest themselves, and they do not find this any easier, generally speaking, than anyone else. If it were not a divine precept to confess one's sins to obtain God's forgiveness, the priest would neither go to confession himself, nor burden himself with the hearing of the confessions of others. But this is a strange thing. Of all the thousands and tens of thousands of priests, all of them educated for years, you never heard of one who cast doubt on the necessity of confession according to the will of Christ. There are priests, of course, who give up the exercise of their priesthood, to take up a life of sin. They give up everything, confession included. But among loyal priests, there is nothing in all the teachings of the Catholic faith so taken for granted as indisputably the will of Christ as the sacrament of confession.

At the same time all the inconvenience of hearing confessions is compensated for by the joy that comes from bringing joy and peace of soul to others. It is in the confessional that the priest sees miracles taking place, and who does not rejoice to be the witness

of, not to say the participant in, a miracle? You read in psychology books about habits of evil so deeply grooved into human hearts that, the psychologist says, no power on earth can remove them. The priest in the confessional sees such habits broken, by the power of God and the graces of the sacrament. You read much today about neuroses and psychoses and phobias, etc., but any experienced priest can tell you how rarely abnormalities afflict a person who makes the right use of regular confession, and how quickly their beginnings can be cured by good confessions. But, above all, there is the joy that every priest hugs to his heart, together with the secrets that have been entrusted to him, over the knowledge that he has led souls back to God through confessions he has heard, and over the frequent glimpses he is given of ineffable relief and peace in one who was sorely troubled and fearful and weighted down with sin before he made his confession.

So it goes on — this humiliating, but exalting, this maligned by a few but beloved of many, this uncomfortable for the lower nature but peace-bringing to the higher, practice of going to confession and hearing confessions. Every week of the year, and in many places several times during each week, we, your priests, enter confessionals and wait for you. Don't be afraid of us. Don't worry about what we may be thinking or what we may say. Don't let us wait in vain when you need a good confession.

There is nothing we ever do that has less of self in it. In the confessional we want only to lead you to God and to preserve you in His love.

Deteriorated

"You should have married a better man," said the habitual alcoholic to his wife.

"I did," was her sad reply

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

In Love With a Divorced Man

Problem: In the April issue of last year you stated that a Catholic girl is obliged to find out as quickly as possible whether a man who asks her for dates is free to marry. That statement made me angry. Find out! Great! But how? Three years ago I met a very nice young man. The second time I saw him, he told me he had been married and divorced. I discovered that I liked him very much, so I went to our pastor to see whether the man could be declared free to marry me. He took instructions and has become a Catholic. Since then (three years ago), though we have filled out innumerable papers, no decision has been given by the Church. Surely this is no fault of ours. The Church preaches against the danger of long courtships and then leaves us right in the midst of that danger. And the idea that the final answer to our petition may be "No" leaves me panic-stricken. What am I to do? We both have gone through much sorrow and trouble before we met, and we wonder why we are not entitled to a little happiness.

Solution: This is going to hurt, but it should be like the hurt of a necessary operation. When I said that a girl should find out whether a man who wants to keep company with her is free to marry, I neither said nor implied that all she has to do, in the case of going with a divorced man, is to drop the problem in a priest's lap; that she might then let herself become deeply involved and practically committed to marriage.

When I said "find out whether a divorced man is, for some valid reason, free to marry" I meant "get the answer to the question," not merely present the question to a priest and act as if it's all settled in your favor.

This is a matter on which too many Catholics need instruction and frequent reminders. The Catholic Church presumes every marriage to be a valid marriage unless objective proof is available that it was invalid. The Church is the protector of the marriage bond. Her whole history and organization have been geared to uphold the indissolubility of marriage. She will not be rushed into declaring a marriage invalid so that the person involved can marry again if the evidence for invalidity is not compelling. Cases run on for years just because such evidence is lacking.

Your argument that, because you have suffered a great deal, you are now entitled to some happiness, has nothing to do with the case. The Church was founded by Christ to lead you to the happiness of heaven, and to fortify you for suffering loneliness, hardships, even martyrdom in behalf of that goal. Sure, she wants you also to have as much happiness as possible in this world, but only within the framework of obedience to God's laws. She has no power to set aside or treat lightly those laws for the sake of your temporal happiness.

Revival Religion

The key principle of many religious sects is the importance of an emotional kind of conversion. These sects by-pass the faculties that make man what he is, viz., his mind and his will. It is good to know their origins.

J. E. Doherty

THE CREED of present day Protestantism has in it but little of Luther and less of Calvin. True, even the names of the sects today are meaningless; Methodists rarely follow the "methods" of Wesley; Congregationalists are no longer congregational; many Baptists are careless about baptism; and exceptional is the Presbyterian who can explain where the presbyter fits in. But Calvinism with Calvin left out is like watching Shakespeare's *Hamlet* without *Hamlet*. I asked a Congregational Sunday School superintendent what he taught about predestination. "Well, as I understand it," he said, "there's an election always going on up in heaven. The Lord votes for you, the devil votes agin' you, but you're the one that has the decidin' vote."

This was hardly original with the deacon, but on hearing these words from his spiritual descendant, Jonathan Edwards might have groaned in his grave like *Hamlet's* ghost and concluded dismally that the Papists have already taken over the nation. Notwithstanding this, there is one basic belief still clung to by all the sects, slippery though it may be. It is the idea that each converted individual has a personal assurance of salvation, and this is bed-rock Protestantism. Expressed in a very popular revival hymn, the conviction is enthusiastically sung thus: "Saved, by His Love divine; S - A - V - E - D, to a new life sublime; Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm saved, saved, SAVED."

The assurance of being saved was felt as a revolutionary experience, first, by an Augustinian monk named Martin Luther. All his life he had been looking for this assurance and one day, reading St. Paul in the Scriptures, he felt it. So vividly did he feel it, so secure was he in it, that henceforth he would have no other test of God's Word and His Will but this. He called it faith, and under the enthusiasm of his experience he did not hesitate to add a word to the Scriptures so that they read in his version: "Faith (alone) justifies." Not only did he add to, but he snipped out parts of the Scriptures; the Epistle of St. James he called an "epistle of straw," since it so obviously contradicted his belief.

Luther's simple doctrine of blind trust in experience impressed an ecclesiastical lawyer named Calvin, who built upon this irrational premise a completely logical system of salvation. Calvin noticed, however, that not everyone had this revolutionary experience of salvation. Since for him this experience was the proof and the sign of salvation, he reasoned rigorously enough that those who had it were destined to be saved; those who never had it were predestined to be lost.

Of course, such a fantastic doctrine makes God out to be an ogre. Still, for some reason it captivated the Protestant world; yet time would come when no one could stomach it. One who could stomach it the least was a spiritual giant, though a physical mite, of

a man in England named John Wesley. Wesley learned about experiencing salvation while in America as an Anglican missionary to the Indians. He was led into his first "conversion" by a Moravian brother. Wesley felt himself "saved" and returned to England to preach salvation by experience, yet he would have nothing to do with predestination. Assurance of salvation to everyone who would accept it was his doctrine. In preaching it, no revivalist ever measured up to him and nowhere in the world was his message so enthusiastically heard as on the American frontier.

Why was this? To put it briefly: when preached in open camp-meeting with ringing tones of conviction, this simple message was best suited to arouse crude men to feelings of religion. It is no libel on our forefathers to call that legend completely false which pictures them as religious fanatics. Up Boston way, there were two colonies of settlers driven to these shores by considerations of religion, but even among these the Calvinist Church directly influenced only about one-sixth. After two generations, when vast hordes set out from the seaboard westward through the forests, they were mostly the "unsaved." Throughout the colonies those who had come here were usually the poor, restless, outcast members of European civilization. When they went west, irreligion and immorality went with them. How awaken these frontiersmen to the business of taking care of their souls? It would be hard to imagine a more obvious and effectual way than the camp-meeting preaching by colorful evangelists. Great were the abuses at times, but in almost every Protestant group that which is alive and positive in their faith today goes back to those early revivals.

It was Wesley who really evangelized

this country, though he never returned personally to the land of his "conversion." Wesley was one of nineteen children, the son of an Anglican parson, and his family traditions were really more Catholic than Protestant, although he had grown up with the usual anti-Catholic prejudices. Yet he read many Catholic biographies of saints; he admitted that in his youth he owed his very faith to the reading of the *Life of Saint Cyprian*, while his favorite during his whole life never ceased to be Saint Ignatius. Nevertheless, the stark obliteration of Catholicity from English life, as can be seen by Cardinal Newman's description of his own boyhood, made the direct influence of the Catholic Church impossible to him at this time.

Wesley entered Oxford almost a century before Newman, and there, with some others, notably his brother Charles and Whitefield, he countered the growing secularism of the University, as Newman was to do after him, by a religious revival. Spiritual meetings were conducted according to a set rule or method for prayer, examination of conscience, and public confession; hence the undergraduates became known as "Methodists."

Had Wesley been born in the Church, it has been suggested that he would have been the founder of a religious order. On the other hand many Methodists have stated that they would not have been treated shabbily, cast off and left to die, had their movement arisen in the Church, but rather would have been guided and preserved from error. As it is, Wesley erected whatever can be erected on a Protestant foundation of faith and did so with indefatigable zeal. At a time when rationalism and materialism sought to eliminate the concept of sin, he gave all possible emphasis to the Christian concept of

evil and the necessity of faith; many of his sermons could be preached by any Catholic priest today. Yet his faith was pragmatic in the extreme; it could be reduced ultimately to two unshakable tenets; one was the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, but the second was to come only after his "conversion" in America; it was the doctrine of salvation by emotional experience.

Peter Bohler was the Moravian preacher whom Wesley met in Georgia. "Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" Bohler asked him. "I know that he is my Savior." "Yes, but do you know Him?" Wesley was puzzled and Bohler explained what knowing the Lord Jesus meant: "Every man, no matter how moral, pious, or how orthodox he may be, is in a state of damnation, until by a supernatural and instantaneous process wholly unlike that of human reasoning, the conviction flashes upon his mind that the sacrifice of Christ has been applied to him and has expiated his sins. This supernatural and personal conviction of illumination is what is meant by saving faith, and it is inseparably accompanied by an absolute assurance of salvation."

This was what Wesley preached on his return to England, but with a difference. Bohler's idea of conversion was that the sinner was passive and did nothing; Wesley always claimed the sinner had the "decidin' vote." From the age of thirty-six until his eighty-sixth year, he preached this gospel in more than 40,000 sermons, very often to audiences of more than 20,000. Sound-looking and wondrously clean and fastidious in appearance, he did not begin to feel old until he was eighty-five. He lived on horse-back, traveled thus more than 225,000 miles in England alone, and said that his health depended on it. His speaking was without much oratorical accent except to-

wards the close of a sermon when he worked up into a state of high enthusiasm. Though tiny, the very cast of his countenance could fill his hearers with dread, and his words penetrated the hearts of those disposed. Two men had to help him into the pulpit for his last sermon. His success was always great, but the true measure of it can be seen in the thousands of men whom he inspired to go forth as evangelists in imitation of him.

When all this is said, it must be admitted that the shortcomings of his gospel should have been seen by Wesley himself, and were not. He encouraged rather than discouraged the paroxysms among his hearers which critics called mass-hysteria or mass-lunacy. To Wesley they were signs either of mass-conversion or diabolical possession. Sometimes, while he evangelized, there would be a cry — a roar — and a man or woman would drop down as if dead. The bystanders would fall to prayer and if there was no immediate deliverance, the interrupter would be carried out and the prayer went on. At times whole sections of the throng would break out into "shriekings, roarings, groanings, gnashings, yellings, cursings, blasphemies, and despairs." Sometimes scores of people would be affected with laughing fits that would continue for days. It was, as some said, a new disease; it would follow the revivals everywhere and eventually discredit them.

In this country Wesley evangelized throngs through preachers who imitated him and preached his message. Some had heard him, others were sent by him; still others gravitated towards his methods within their own communities. At the close of the Revolutionary War his own followers were cut off from Wesley, but he saved his work in a characteristic way. He ordained a

"bishop" and started the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. Wesley, however, remained an Anglican and his own church considered him only a parson. Yet, he found this no obstacle to laying hands on one of his loyal followers, Thomas Coke. He sent Coke to America to make other "bishops" there. This scandalized Charles Wesley who broke off relations with his brother for practically the rest of their lives and who wrote this bitter epigram:

"How easy now are Bishops made
At man or woman's whim;
Wesley his hands on Coke hath laid
But who hath laid hands on him?"

So began the Methodist Church here. Its first evangelists were no Wesleys, though highly individualistic. One of the first was an Irishman named Embury. A woman broke in on a card game, threw the cards on the floor, then addressed him: "Brother Embury, you must preach to us or we shall all go to hell and God will require our blood at your hands." So, he preached to five people in his own house and they all sang and prayed. Few came, but one who did was Captain Thomas Webb, a soldier, and was converted. Webb became one of the most picturesque of the revivalists. He wore a scarlet cloak, a green patch over one eye, and his right arm had been splintered at the battle of Quebec. He drew large crowds.

Most successful of the earlier evangelists was Thomas McGready, another Irishman. He was famous for his hell-fire sermons. McGready had a way of reaching out over the pulpit and dangling a sinner, dramatically, over the fiery pit. He was accused of running people distracted and his pulpit was burned. His greatest challenge was at a place called Rogue's Harbor, Ken-

tucky. It was a gathering place of murderers, horse-thieves, highwaymen, thugs and fugitives from justice. When McGready got through with his revival there, many of these characters were seized with the "jerks," bodily convulsions which lasted for days. From then on it was the custom to put up young saplings as stakes in the ground for sinners to cling to during their convulsions.

McGready's success led to a mass revival at Cane Ridge in the same county. A clearing was made in the forest and hundreds of preachers on stumps were all exhorting at the same time. John B. Finley, a youth who later became an evangelist, describes it:

"There were twenty-five thousand people gathered and the noise was like that of Niagara Falls. Seven ministers were preaching from different places. At no time was the ground less than half covered with the victims of religious experience. Some could not move or speak and rescue teams called 'bearers of the slain' were carrying them away. Some talked, but could not move. Some beat the earth with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about like live fish out of water. Many lay down and rolled over for hours at a time; others rushed wildly about over stumps and benches, and then plunged, shouting, 'Lost, Lost,' into the forest. Many 'talked in tongues,' some had the 'holy laughs,' others the 'barks'; these fell on all fours, rolling about and gathering at the foot of a tree yelping, barking and snapping like dogs. This exercise was called treeing the devil."

He saw at least five hundred people swept down, "as if a battery of a thousand guns had opened upon them, and there immediately followed shrieks and shouts that rent the very heavens. "My hair rose upon my head," Finley said. "My whole frame trembled; the blood

The Liguorian

ran cold in my veins; a sense of suffocation and blindness seemed to come over me, and I thought I was going to die."

One of the surest means of arousing enthusiasm was the singing of hymns. The genius of Charles Wesley had begun this tradition on a high plane and the whole world, including Catholics, are indebted to him for such classics as "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing." If the American revivalist hymns are not always so sublime, we should remember the conditions under which they were sung; it ought to be recalled that the words of our own popular ballads today are sorry specimens apart from the music.

Here is one inspired by Methodist enthusiasm:

The World, the devil and Tom Paine,
Have tried their force, but all in vain,
They can't prevail, the reason is,
The Lord defends the Methodist.

They pray, they sing, they preach the best,
And do the devil most molest,
If Satan had his vicious way,
He'd kill and damn them all today.

They are despised by Satan's train,
Because they shout and preach so plain,
I'm bound to march in endless bliss,
And die a shouting Methodist.

The Baptists were not to be outdone. They sang:

Baptist, Baptist, Baptist,
Baptist, till I die.
I'll go along with the Baptists
And eat that apple pie."

Meanwhile, the New England Congregationalists had migrated to upper New York State. Amongst them there

rose a new type of evangelist, Charles G. Finney. Heretofore, the revivalist was likely to be a man of no books but the Bible, who gloried in speaking by direct inspiration and despised the unconverted minister. Finney had been a well-educated lawyer. He preached a rousing Calvinistic sermon on hell as usual, but harangued his audience like a prosecuting attorney and then pleaded with them to make the immediate decision of accepting salvation. To correct the extravagant features of the camp-meeting revivals, he introduced innovations. He housed his meeting in a circus tent; allowed women to stand up and pray aloud; invited the "saved" to confess publicly by standing up on their seats, then led them down the aisle to an "anxious" bench where they might experience conversion out of harm's way. So began the practice called "hitting the sawdust trail."

Unquestionably, the more spectacular conversions in the revivals were brought about by the fear of hell, yet the man who made revivalism a big business never preached a sermon on hell. This was Dwight L. Moody, a rather colorless shoe-clerk when he "accepted Christ," yet the time was ripe for him. In personality, as in preaching, he was the counterpart of all who had gone before him. Visiting him in his shoeshop one day, a Sunday-school teacher invited him to accept the Saviour. "I will," said Moody, quietly, wrapping up a pair of shoes.

He found that he could preach and teamed up with Ira Sankey, a singer and writer of hymns. What they preached and sang was the joy of being saved, yet it should not be forgotten that the vision of hell had already been burned into the imaginations of their audiences by a long succession of others and the people were parched and groping for

such consolation.

Moody had few natural gifts, but sensational advertising, spotlights, and ballyhoo, made him and Sankey more of an attraction than any vaudeville or movie team of the present day. He spoke across the country to over one hundred million people and is credited with a million "conversions." The choir alone numbered twelve hundred at Barnum's Hippodrome in New York in 1876, and five hundred ushers were needed to marshall a million and a half people who stood in line night after night. Royalties on Moody and Sankey hymn books amounted to a million and a quarter dollars.

But the revivalist to end all revivals was "Billy" Sunday. A converted big league ball player, "Billy" introduced the acrobatic type of preaching. Nightly, he put on a show in which he boxed or wrestled with the devil, taking both sides himself, and as often as not ending up with a black eye. He drew enormous crowds, but he was also heckled by ministers who thought him irreverent. "Sit down, you bald-headed old mutt," he would interrupt his discourse to fire away at one of them. "Up on your hind legs, you stinking polecat!" "Billy" was a fundamentalist and thought he was upholding the Bible against ultra-liberals, yet his own exegesis was as uninhibited as his enthusiasm. One of his milder sermons has this short piece on Martha and Mary:

"Mary was one of those sort of Uneeda-biscuit, peanut-butter, gelatine-and-pimento women. Martha was a beefsteak, baked - potato, apple - sauce - with - lemon-and-nutmeg, coffee-and-whipped-cream, apple-pie-and-cheese sort of woman! So you can take your pick, but I speak for Martha. Hurrah, for Martha!"

Turnstile returns showed Sunday was

the greatest of all evangelists, but the Federal Council of Churches, curious to know how many of his "converts" persevered in the simple matter of going to church, investigated. Theirs was a different story.

Revivalism is now definitely on the wane. Today it is associated with the more eccentric sects and unless they change their methods radically the evangelists will no longer reach educated Protestants. That there have been genuine conversions in the past no one need doubt. Arnold Lunn, noted Catholic convert and son of a Methodist minister, speaks glowingly of his father's faith attained during a revival; and Father W. E. Orchard, a devout Catholic spiritual writer who journeyed with ever increasing fervor through various stages of the ministry up to and into the Catholic Church, yet dates his crucial conversion to a revivalist experience in his youth.

Catholic writers, moreover, are the first to acknowledge the debt to circuit riders and evangelists on our frontier, stemming back French infidelity and atheism. At the same time the long-term results must be seen for what they really are. Hysteria instead of conviction, sentimentality in place of morality, excessive emotionalism in lieu of practical faith, confusion, ignorance, and blindness, for an intelligent, informed, deliberate assent to revealed truth; these are the results of making a revival experience the whole of religion. Revivalism itself, with all its extravagances must be seen, not as a by-product, but as the logical development of the Protestant premise. The mistake goes beyond Wesley, it goes back to Luther, who identified faith with a very exceptional emotional experience and made it a binding requirement of all for salvation. This is the formal principle of Protestantism and it simply is

The Liguorian

not true.

Is there, then, to be no emotion in religion? It would be tragic to think so, not to say unrealistic, because the emotions are part of the total make-up of man. Nevertheless the warning of all God's saints has been not to measure our progress in faith or in the love of God by emotionalism. Conversion takes place in the soul, and its instruments are the mind and the will docile to God's grace. Where the emotions assist the mind and the will, they are to be encouraged; where they run counter to them, they are to be disregarded.

The psychological steps of conversion from sin to grace have been marvellously outlined by the Fathers at the Council of Trent. For the sinner, the preaching of the Gospel is an occasion of enlightenment and grace. The grace moves him to make an act of faith (which is an act of the mind com-

manded by the will) in the eternal truths put before him by the preacher. Since these truths are such as heaven, hell, the evil of sin, judgment, etc., the soul is moved to fear. But it does not stop at fear. It sees among the eternal truths that of the mercy of God, evident in the sufferings of Christ for the sake of the sinner's conversion and salvation. The thought of this mercy moves it to love, to compunction for sin, to purpose of amendment, to a desire to do all that God has commanded as necessary for salvation. Thus it is led to baptism or confession, the means prescribed by Christ for escape from sin.

This is the process made use of during a Catholic parish mission, especially one conducted by Redemptorists. Every missionary will attest that it is sound, effective and lasting, and, above all, in conformity with the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Seasonal Suggestions

For people who smoke too much:

On Easter count the money you would have spent
If you hadn't given up smoking during Lent.

For people worried about excess weight:

During Lent: no sweets or candy,
On Easter your weight will be just dandy.

For inveterate movie-goers:

No Lenten movies and you'll find
A lot of rubbish gone from your mind.

Postscript

Don't think you're odd
If you do it for God.

LGM

For Non-Catholics Only

F. M. Louis

Are Catholics Enemies of Democracy?

Objection: It is well known that Catholics are brought up to recognize the absolute authority of the Church to tell them what they must believe and what they must do. They are permitted no voice or vote in any matter decided for them by the Church. The form of government of the United States is called a democracy, which means that it respects the will of the people, decides things according to their votes, and excludes dictatorship in any form. It is obvious that these two things are opposed to each other, and therefore that Catholics cannot be sincere supporters of a democratic form of government.

Answer: There is a deep and fatal error in this argument that will be recognized by anyone who will give a moment's real thought to the issues involved.

The Catholic Church is a spiritual organization set up, as all intelligent Catholics have proved to themselves, by God Himself to lead men to heaven. As such it necessarily deals with absolutes about which there can be no question of votes. God made the ten commandments and incorporated them in man's nature and made their observance necessary for salvation. He set up the Church to keep the commandments before men's minds; she cannot change them and she cannot ask for the votes of the people as to whether they are binding or not. God has already settled that himself.

Christ the Son of God bequeathed to mankind many things necessary for salvation, and He authorized His Church to make them available according to His Will. On such things she dare not ask for the votes of the people. After Christ said, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," His Church dare not ask the people to vote on the necessity of baptism. Christ had the authority to settle that and He did settle it.

A civil government, on the other hand, is destined by its nature to be concerned with the temporal welfare of its citizens. Often that temporal welfare is dependent on contingent things that are best decided by the votes of the people. Catholics believe most conscientiously in the right of the people to decide such things by their votes, either for representatives who will reflect their views, or directly for proposed legislation that will serve the common good.

The man who thinks that everything should be decided by the votes of the people, even the necessity of any or all of the commandments of God, is the real menace and enemy of democracy. For he might whip up enough votes to legalize even murder, promiscuity, confiscation of all private property, even though God has forbidden these crimes. The Catholic is the true defender of democracy, because he accepts God's laws as absolute and as the protection of the rights of individuals, and believes wholeheartedly in the right of the people to vote on temporal and contingent issues.

Readers Retort

In which readers are invited to express their views about opinions set forth in *The Liguorian*. All letters must be signed, and full address of the writer must be given. Cities and names of those who wish to be unknown will be set down here as "Anon."

Carlyle, Ill.

"It appears to me that the article of the Bystander in the December issue takes deliberate aim at trying to smear the good name of Mr. Fairless. Unless the author has had practical experience in modern industry, he cannot . . . acquire a sound understanding of the problem of meeting a payroll on time. Part of this experience is gained only at the bargaining table. I am sure the author will agree that Mr. Fairless has had more than a nodding acquaintance with this subject. For some time Federal Administration Agencies have preached and encouraged the philosophy that wage and other benefit increases can be absorbed by management out of profits. . . . That, as you must know, is a fallacy in a majority of cases. This, I am sure, is the point which Mr. Fairless is making. The rat-race which is encouraged by the administration seems to be the greatest cause of confusion in the ranks of labor and management as well as in the minds of the public at large. I don't pretend to know the answers. It does seem to me that if labor and management were permitted to sit down at the bargaining table together, to handle their own affairs without government or other outside interference, all problems could be handled amicably and without undue delay. . . .

D. F. M. "

Our correspondent has apparently not read the social encyclicals of the Popes, which provide the background of principle for the practical experience the editors of The Liguorian have had with actual disputes between capital and labor. Popes set it down as the first moral principle obligatory on all business management that

workingmen have a right in justice to living wages and security. Mr. Fairless, without referring to this principle, clearly stated that most of the labor legislation of the past thirty years, which was at least an attempt to safeguard that principle, was contrary to the commandments. . . . It is utterly vain to think that management and labor would reach peaceful agreements acceptable to all without the aid of third party arbiters and some government legislation. The day may come when they will, and we hope and pray for its speedy arrival. But for the present situation the Popes themselves have said (especially Pope Leo XIII) that the state, in carrying out its duty of providing for the common good has an obligation to consider especially the needs and rights of labor because management has the money and the power amply to take care of itself. Mr. Fairless, in the speech we criticized, wanted government to stand aside and let happen what would to the workingmen of the nation.

The editors

Bacup Lanes, England

"*The Liguorian* is well read here. After passing it around to two or three homes in our neighborhood it usually is sent off to the west of Ireland, where it begins another circulating tour. Maybe it ends up by being posted back to someone in the United States. . . . A piece of news I read recently about the United States surprised and disturbed me, viz. that less than half the Catholic children in the United States attend Catholic schools. If that is true it would appear that perhaps the strong anti-Communist campaign which seems to flow through everything in America might well

The Liguorian

be tempered with a little more attention to getting Catholic schools for Catholic children. Otherwise the fight against Communism will have to be intensified twenty years from now, because only a Catholic education will combat its influence. That is one reason why we in England are prepared to meet a school bill of fifty to sixty million pounds (two hundred million dollars) to keep our Catholic schools. . . .

J. D. "

This is not the first time that a Catholic abroad has expressed amazement over the small number of American Catholic children in Catholic schools. We have, indeed, a long way to go.

The editors

Montrose, Ala.

"The latest *Liguorian* is on my desk, and I am struck with what appears to be the difficult job you have to find enough letters of adverse criticism of your publication to fill a few pages. I'm sorry I can't supply you with one. But I do want to pick a bone with some of the notions presented in the article on angels. One of the articles (November, 1951) states that an angel feels no sorrow at a soul losing heaven. I don't believe this is so. I believe an angel is as capable of emotion as we are, if not more so, but that he is simply not influenced by it. Neither are its emotions based on senses, which it obviously lacks. The sorrow an angel experiences is of the same character as Our Lord experienced in the Garden, I would think. The exception being that where Jesus suffered infinitely, an angel suffers finitely. This is, in fact, a joyful suffering, if you see what I mean. . . .

M. Mc."

This is a dispute about terms rather than about things. We cannot say that angels "feel" sadness because the word "feel" is rightly applied only to a creature with bodily senses. In the same way the word "emotion" is strictly used only of bodily creatures. Moreover, Our Lord's agony in

Gethsemani cannot be used as an example of how angels can suffer, because Our Lord possessed a body while angels do not. That there is such a thing as spiritual joy and spiritual sadness experienced by pure spirits we know from the fact that Our Lord spoke of the great joy of the angels in heaven over one sinner doing penance. From that we can draw the parallel that there is a kind of sadness among angels over sinners who do not repent. Yet this sadness cannot interfere with the beatific vision nor the essential happiness of the angels.

The editors

Anon, Ia.

"The January, 1952, issue of your magazine carries a sad letter from Mrs. C. J. C. of East Rochester, N.Y. She deserves our sympathy. I have alcoholics in my parish but I doubt whether any of my cases compare with hers. Since she enjoys *The Liguorian* (and you are willing to donate it to her) I am taking the liberty of paying for her subscription. Kindly inform me when it expires and I will try to keep up payments for her. . . . Criticisms are in order and here is mine. I disagree with E. F. Miller's plea for women baseball players.

N. N."

Mrs. C. J. C.'s plight, and her touching letter, have to date brought her eight years of paid up subscription to The Liguorian from our readers. Lest it be thought that we are thereby escaping the burden of charity ourselves, we hasten to add that we have many non-paying subscribers on our list because they have told us that The Liguorian helps them in their troubles. . . . Can it be that some readers missed the satire in E. F. Miller's article on women baseball players?

The editors

Anon, Michigan

"You will never realize how very deeply it touched my heart when I received your note telling me I could receive *The Liguorian* free because I am not in a position to

The Liguorian

pay for it. So many of your articles go right to my heartaches; others hit where they hurt most and even that makes me feel better. It is good to be told you are or have been wrong about things when one knows the teller knows what he is talking about. You see I was raised a Protestant and spent so many evenings with groups studying the Bible trying to decipher just what it meant. Each of us in the group would come up with a different meaning. As a result I would go home wondering how one could ever really know the truth, not knowing that there was an authority on the matter in the form of the Catholic Church. One truth I've learned too late is that dealing with divorce.

After studying intently a group of us decided that 'Let no man put asunder,' merely meant that if a couple broke up, it meant their marriage was man-made and not made by God. As a result I had no qualms about marrying a divorced man before I came to know the Catholic Church as the true religion. Please pray for me that I may know what to do and have the courage to do it. . . .

Mrs. N. N."

This soul is worthy of the prayers of many readers, not only by reason of her great need, but because of the motives for gratitude her groping for the truth gives to those who have possessed it from childhood.

The editors

Read Island, B.C., Canada

"A friend of ours has been sending copies of *The Liguorian* to us and we like it very much and propose in the near future to subscribe, though that will have to wait until we may have a chance of getting an international money order—our little post office is not allowed to deal in them. We think it particularly wise of you to resist the importunity of those who would like you to put in illustrations. We appreciate the non-minimally Catholic tone of your notes on family matters. St. Alphonsus is a writer we greatly value. I used to be an Anglican

minister, and I might mention how disappointing I have found the level of instructions even among intelligent Catholics. I was a modernist before I became a fundamentalist, but however erroneous the views of my acquaintances, I always moved among people who took religion seriously enough to be informed about what they believed. It was a shock to learn the slipshod thinking of some educated Catholics. . . .

B. C. G. W."

"I am writing to express my appreciation of *The Liguorian*. It is quite the best Catholic monthly we have met. We are a convert family, and long before we entered the Church, we had admired the Catholic stand against birth-control, abortion and other fashionable sins against Christian family life. We might have entered the Church long before we did, had we not happened to meet a Catholic family that had a very light-minded, frivolous and superstitious attitude toward their wonderful religion. Your magazine is the first I have met to make a really serious effort to face up to the sad state of complete disregard for morality that is too common among Catholics and to try to do something about it. It is such an encouragement to see your efforts to bring home an earnest and serious attitude toward death, hell and judgment, to which St. Alphonsus so often adverts, to the notice of this careless generation. It seems that St. Alphonsus's message is particularly suited to the present time because of the striking likeness of the twentieth to the eighteenth century with all its atheism culminating in the horrors of the French Revolution. . . .

Mrs. B. C. G. W."

*Another couple helps us to bring home to Catholics their responsibility, and the power of their influence over others. These correspondents will not have to wait for an international money order to receive *The Liguorian* regularly.*

The editors

The Liguorian

San Diego, Calif.

"Your articles are forward, not always cutting corners like other publications. Only once have I read where you were tackled. In the October issue you wrote about tuberculosis and pregnancy in which you stated that some doctors are pagan quacks. Then in the November issue (Thought for the Shut-in) you said that people should have complete faith in their doctors. Quite a contradiction! But the many good points overshadow the slips. . . .

D. L."

Not really a contradiction. One is bound, on choosing a doctor, to use normal human prudence to make sure that he is reputable and high-principled. We would never subscribe to the principle that one must put implicit faith in all doctors or any doctor chosen at random. Once one has entrusted the care of his health to a good doctor, one is bound to obey him except when clear evidence offers sufficient reason for acting otherwise.

The editors

Akron, Ohio

"Here is an incident for those who are racially prejudiced. Our backyard borders on a parking lot at the rear of a shopping center. My four-year-old son is a friendly child who has regular visits with the many delivery men, etc., who have to come into the lot. One morning the colored trash collector, who had become quite friendly with my son, told him he was going to take a different job and would not see him any more. My son calmly asked the man to kiss him goodbye. I happened to be looking out the door, and saw my son climb into his arms and plant a kiss on his mouth. My neighbor is a Catholic who has no children and is quite fond of my son. She too saw the kiss and came running over and picked up the boy and said she was going to wash his face. Then, she said, she would give him a kiss. My son struggled and replied: "No. He doesn't come off like your lipstick." I

knew then that I would never want anyone to say anything to my son to change his feelings. To him all people are the same, only some smear his face with lipstick. . . . Thank you so much for all the help you have given me on this and other questions.

Mrs. C. M."

Such incidents tell more than long articles could. Test your reaction to this story for symptoms of prejudice.

The editors

Wymore, Nebr.

"The past two months, since my subscription to *The Liguorian* expired, I missed it very much. It has become a must in my reading material. I teach the Methodist Youth Fellowship which is the senior high school group of the Methodist Church. I use your magazine in my lessons as there are articles which need to be studied by the young people of today and which I do not find in the Methodist teaching material. Your manner of writing and what you write about makes sense; the topics are pertinent to all human beings.

Mrs. P. M. E."

There is nothing we desire more than "to makes sense" for both Catholics and non-Catholics who pick up The Liguorian. The appeal of the true religion must be universal.

The editors

Minneapolis, Minn.

"We really like *The Liguorian* — it is so different from other magazines. I especially liked the lesson on the sacraments in the December issue. I teach religion in the public schools on released time. This year we take up the sacraments and the Mass, and for Christmas I used your explanation of the sacraments as a motive for being grateful for Christmas. Thanks again. . . .

Mrs. C. L."

We are happy, especially to have so many teachers making use of The Liguorian. The farther it reaches the better we like it.

The editors

Waiters Are Human

Sidelights on one of the interesting but demanding jobs whereby many men and women make a living.

D. J. Corrigan

ONE FRIDAY noon a few years ago two priests were seated in the lunch room of a large department store in downtown St. Louis. The waitress, apparently of middle age, had greeted them with a cheerful: "How are you, Fathers?" One of the padres ordered a tuna sandwich with coffee, while the other, with a wink towards his companion, stated: "I'd like a hamburger with onions." The waitress, with a grin on her face, replied: "You may want it, but you're not going to get it." She was not going to be an accessory to breaking the Friday abstinence.

Priests do go out to eat. Some, for lack of a cook, have to do so more or less regularly, while others make a public appearance for food upon occasion. One can expect to see them at times in a smart hotel dining hall, or in a cafeteria with a tray, or at a drive-in sandwich center. I remember once sitting next to a bishop at a sidewalk lunch counter; we ate with our hats on, but not before we had quietly said grace. Then there are the dining cars on a train, or the tray-lunches on a plane, or the round, well-stocked tables of a ship — which of these is not sometimes graced by a Roman collar, whose wearer may be indulging in more calories than are proper for a bulging waist line? Naturally, through the years, priests come into contact, and sometimes acquaintanceship with a variety of waiters and waitresses.

According to the history of the word, a waiter originally was one who really waited, and then gradually the word

came to mean one who hovered around the table in the manner of a servant. But I am afraid that most of us have had the experience of sitting before numerous knives and forks while the attendant, by his punctilious precision of speech and manner, made us feel rather inferior, to say the least. Of course, the opposite extreme is that of the lady or lass who jots down your order and then yells the length of the restaurant the short hand jargon that somehow penetrates the bustling noise of a kitchen to the cook's ears. But in between, there are all kinds of waiters, some pleasant and others solemn, some helpful and others apathetic, some intensely interested and others seemingly bored with all humanity. A common characteristic of waiters, though, is that they all appear to be worked to death, or near it.

I imagine that a waiter who has devoted a lifetime to the profession, could probably write an interesting book about the people he has served. Aside from the fact that the work is hard, compensated for in part if the tips are large and numerous enough, he no doubt goes to bed at night wondering at times how some people can be as mean and boorish as they are, while others are genuinely good and friendly folk. He has undoubtedly looked upon a strange variety of table manners. The waiter's job can be dangerous, especially for young girls in the metropolitan centers. But it also offers ample opportunity for the virtues — patience, humility, charity, helpfulness, encourage-

The Liguorian

ment, and I do not doubt that there is many a hidden saint amid the numerous corps of waiters on table.

One time during the war my brother — he in uniform just before going overseas — and I were dining in a tea room on Seventh Street in St. Louis. Our dessert was a delicious apple pie. We had just about finished when our waitress, a motherly woman, approached with an extra piece and set it down before my brother. "There was just this much left in the pan and you look so much like my son that I had to bring it to you. He is fighting down in the South Pacific and I don't know whether I'll ever see him again."

Although among waiters, as in any large group, undoubtedly there is a proportion of cheats and frauds and charlatans, most of them seem to be very honest, especially about the food they serve. I remember very particularly one man standing by with a napkin over his arm, while a fellow priest and I were studying a menu with a not very great degree of satisfaction. Finally I turned to our quiet waiter and asked: "What's good on this menu today?" His reply was startling: "Not much, Father. That roast beef is the best of the lot. For myself, I never eat here. I go home and cook my own food."

I once watched a young lady walk rather haltingly the length of a dining car and finally sit down opposite my chair. Later I learned that two years before she had recovered from a severe case of polio. She was no more than seated when she said: "Father, this is my first ride on a train and I've never eaten in a diner before. Will you show me how to go about giving my order?" Of course, it would happen that, through a mistake of the steward, she was overcharged.

Then there were the three nuns, a Sister Superior and two of her subjects,

who came to St. Louis for a convention. Unacquainted with the city, they asked a taxi driver to convey them to a proper place to eat. So he dropped them off on Olive Street, stating: "You'll find good food in there, Sisters." The nuns unwittingly passed by the ladies' entrance and went in by the main door. It was only a few minutes after they were seated in a booth that they noticed they were opposite a very ornate bar. By this time, with a very gracious Italian waiter standing by to assist them, they were too embarrassed to move. Afterwards they had to admit that they had never received, in a public eating house, such considerate attention from manager, attendants and even the patrons.

Sometimes in the background of the neat and courteous waitress who serves your meal, there is a story of tragedy and heroism. Many a widow, both real and grass, has somehow managed to keep her little ones fed and clothed and sheltered on the meager salary and tips that she earned by waiting on tables. Such women frequently have two jobs: after a grueling day in the restaurant they have the washing and cleaning and various tasks in a home to take care of. Of course, they could not do it if they did not have someone — a mother perhaps — who could watch over the children during working hours.

Several years ago there was one of these at the Harvey restaurant in the Union Station in St. Louis. She was Catholic, as a priest would soon discover, should he chance to dine at one of her tables. In the course of time we became fairly well acquainted and one day late in May when I stopped there, she was beaming all over. "Father, my daughter is going to graduate." "From high school?" I asked. "No, from college." And she added the name of one of the Catholic schools of higher edu-

The Liguorian

cation for girls in the vicinity. Then she continued: "I have paid her way all through by the money I earned here waiting on table."

Waiters and waitresses, with few exceptions, seem to be especially kind to babies and very small children. From observation and possibly from experience, they know what a task it is for young parents to travel or to go out to eat or even to shop with these little tots at their heels. I have often been edified by the attention and extra little services that most waiters willingly bestow upon a little one, when it suddenly appears to brighten up the drab and often stiffly formal walls of a restaurant.

Memory recalls an incident on a passenger steamer on the St. Lawrence River, just beyond Quebec. A dentist and I had just risen from table and we asked an attendant the location of the lounge. Like most of the French Canadian help aboard, the man's knowledge of the English language was very limited. His blank countenance betrayed his ignorance of the term *lounge*. So my medical friend tried to make it easy for him. "Where can we sit down?" he asked. The lad's face lit up with a smile, as he answered: "On a chair, sir."

Last year a priest was traveling by train to Chicago. As it was Friday, he went into the diner in a rather dubious frame of mind. As a preliminary to a fish dinner, the colored waiter brought out soup that had a faint aroma of

chicken. To make sure, the reverend gentleman questioned the waiter, stating: "You know, we Catholics are not allowed any meat on Friday." "Yes, I know, Father," replied the waiter, "but the chicken walked through that soup yesterday."

Just eleven years ago this past summer the writer was chaplain, for the benefit of Catholic passengers, for a week on the Great Lakes cruising steamer *North American*. At our table the waitress was an evidently cultured young lady by the name of Mary Patricia McMahon. I naturally supposed from her name as well as her face that she was a Catholic. But one day after the midday meal she stopped me and said: "Everybody thinks that I am a Catholic, but I am not. I don't know why the steward all summer has been assigning the priests and Sisters to my tables." She then told me very sincerely that she was in college and that her hope was one day to be a good Protestant missionary to Africa. I later learned that the dining steward was a graduate of St. Ignatius High School, Chicago.

Considerably taken back by her revelation, I asked her: "But how can anyone with the name of Mary Patricia McMahon be anything but a Catholic?" Her response has long lingered in my memory: "My grandfather came from Ireland and was Catholic. But he married my grandmother in a Protestant church. My father and I have been raised very strict Methodists."

Crash!

School Activities tells of a high school pupil who, thinking himself quite witty, turned in a test with the following listed as the principal parts of a Latin verb:

"Slippeo, slippere, falli, bumpus."

But the teacher proved his equal. When the paper was returned, the boy found a red line drawn through his effort, and an arrow pointing off to the margin, where were written the following substitute parts:

"Fallio, failere, flunco, suspendum."



Test of Character

L. M. Merrill

Fruitless Remorse

Every year, at the end of Lent, there are many Catholics who have to admit, either in making their confession before Easter, or in moments of confidence with friends, that "they have done nothing to keep Lent as it should be kept." They did not fast, not even bothering to ask themselves whether they had an excusing cause as a reason for requesting a dispensation from the law of fast. They said no extra prayers, attended no extra Mass, gave up none of their ordinary comforts or amusements.

The making of such an admission at the end of any Lenten season reveals a great weakness of character. Strong, good characters are made such fundamentally only by a deep sense of personal religious and spiritual obligation. To the strong Catholic character, Lent comes as a perfect and opportune complement to his awareness of his need of penance; his need of special spurts of prayer at times to make up for lax periods in his life, due to the press of business or the distractions of vacation; his need of sacrificing some comfort and amusement lest he become too attached to a world that will fail him in the end anyway.

The weak Catholic is one who has some consciousness that Lent has a high and holy and necessary purpose to fulfill in his life, though he permits it to remain quite dim and ineffective. He has a fairly keen sense of remorse, when Lent is over, that he squandered its invitation and opportunities. But he has grown accustomed to live on remorse. He feels that it doesn't matter how many opportunities for spiritual advancement he squanders, so long as, after it is all over, he is willing to say remorsefully "I didn't do what I should have done."

The value of such remorse, as a substitute for using opportunities for good, and as a disposition for forgiveness of sinful omissions, decreases with the frequency with which it is used. One who goes through life having to admit repeatedly, "I did not do what I should have done," may easily find at the end of life that he did not do even enough to save his soul. His repeated expressions of remorse may turn out to have been but empty words, because there was so little promise or intent of improvement in them.

Those who waste the season of Lent have another cause for worry as to the sincerity of repentance at its end. They are not left without frequent reminders, during Lent, of what they should be doing. Every Sunday, when they attend Mass, they see the violet vestments of penance and they hear sermons and announcements concerning their need of penance and extra prayer. In their daily lives they meet and talk with fellow-Catholics who are doing things in accord with the spirit of Lent. In the face of all this, it is a very weak thing to say at the end, "I did nothing for Lent."

Voice From The Vatican

What Popes have said about topics of great import for the people of all time.

F. B. Bockwinkel

Years ago the saintly Bishop John Chrysostom, later canonized as a Saint by the Catholic Church, said: "What greater work is there than training the minds and forming the habits of the young?" For years the leaders of the Church have considered the education of youth as paramount in the work of Christianizing the world. Christian education embraces the whole aggregate of human life, physical and spiritual, intellectual and moral, domestic and social. Hence there are rights and duties of the Church, the family, and the State which must be exercised if youth is to be rightly educated.

Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical on "The Christian Education of Youth," published December 31, 1929, declared: "Education, which is concerned with man as a whole, individually and socially, in the order of nature and in the order of grace, necessarily belongs to all these three societies, in due proportion, corresponding, according to the disposition of Divine Providence, to the co-ordination of their respective ends."

Pope Leo XIII, in his Encyclical, *Nobilissima Gallorum Gens*, dated February 8, 1884, has pointed out that, "Without proper religious and moral instruction every form of intellectual culture will be injurious; for young people not accustomed to respect God, will be unable to bear the restraint of a virtuous life, and never having learned to deny themselves anything, they will easily be incited to disturb the public order."

Pope Pius X, of saintly memory, on September 24, 1912, said: "Whatever a Christian does even in the order of

things of earth, he may not overlook the supernatural; indeed, he must, according to the teaching of Christian wisdom, direct all things towards the supreme good as to his last end; all his actions, besides, in so far as good or evil in the order of morality, that is, in keeping or not with natural and divine law, fall under the judgment and jurisdiction of the Church."

Pope Pius XI, again in his Encyclical, *The Christian Education of Youth*, remarks, "It is the inalienable right as well as the indispensable duty of the Church, to watch over the entire education of her children, in all institutions, public or private, not merely in regard to the religious instruction there given, but in regard to every other branch of learning and every regulation insofar as religion and morality are concerned.

"Nor should the exercise of this right be considered undue interference, but rather maternal care on the part of the Church in protecting her children from the grave danger of all kinds of doctrinal and moral evil. Moreover, this watchfulness of the Church not only can create no real inconvenience, but must, on the contrary, confer valuable assistance in the right ordering and well-being of families and of civil society: for it keeps far away from youth the moral poison which at that inexperienced and changeable age more easily penetrates the mind and more rapidly spreads its baneful effects."

Pope Leo XIII declares in another memorable Encyclical, *Sapientiae Christianae*, On the Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens: "By nature par-



Test of Character

L. M. Merrill

Fruitless Remorse

Every year, at the end of Lent, there are many Catholics who have to admit, either in making their confession before Easter, or in moments of confidence with friends, that "they have done nothing to keep Lent as it should be kept." They did not fast, not even bothering to ask themselves whether they had an excusing cause as a reason for requesting a dispensation from the law of fast. They said no extra prayers, attended no extra Mass, gave up none of their ordinary comforts or amusements.

The making of such an admission at the end of any Lenten season reveals a great weakness of character. Strong, good characters are made such fundamentally only by a deep sense of personal religious and spiritual obligation. To the strong Catholic character, Lent comes as a perfect and opportune complement to his awareness of his need of penance; his need of special spurts of prayer at times to make up for lax periods in his life, due to the press of business or the distractions of vacation; his need of sacrificing some comfort and amusement lest he become too attached to a world that will fail him in the end anyway.

The weak Catholic is one who has some consciousness that Lent has a high and holy and necessary purpose to fulfill in his life, though he permits it to remain quite dim and ineffective. He has a fairly keen sense of remorse, when Lent is over, that he squandered its invitation and opportunities. But he has grown accustomed to live on remorse. He feels that it doesn't matter how many opportunities for spiritual advancement he squanders, so long as, after it is all over, he is willing to say remorsefully "I didn't do what I should have done."

The value of such remorse, as a substitute for using opportunities for good, and as a disposition for forgiveness of sinful omissions, decreases with the frequency with which it is used. One who goes through life having to admit repeatedly, "I did not do what I should have done," may easily find at the end of life that he did not do even enough to save his soul. His repeated expressions of remorse may turn out to have been but empty words, because there was so little promise or intent of improvement in them.

Those who waste the season of Lent have another cause for worry as to the sincerity of repentance at its end. They are not left without frequent reminders, during Lent, of what they should be doing. Every Sunday, when they attend Mass, they see the violet vestments of penance and they hear sermons and announcements concerning their need of penance and extra prayer. In their daily lives they meet and talk with fellow-Catholics who are doing things in accord with the spirit of Lent. In the face of all this, it is a very weak thing to say at the end, "I did nothing for Lent."

Voice From The Vatican

What Popes have said about topics of great import for the people of all time.

F. B. Bockwinkel

Years ago the saintly Bishop John Chrysostom, later canonized as a Saint by the Catholic Church, said: "What greater work is there than training the minds and forming the habits of the young?" For years the leaders of the Church have considered the education of youth as paramount in the work of Christianizing the world. Christian education embraces the whole aggregate of human life, physical and spiritual, intellectual and moral, domestic and social. Hence there are rights and duties of the Church, the family, and the State which must be exercised if youth is to be rightly educated.

Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical on "The Christian Education of Youth," published December 31, 1929, declared: "Education, which is concerned with man as a whole, individually and socially, in the order of nature and in the order of grace, necessarily belongs to all these three societies, in due proportion, corresponding, according to the disposition of Divine Providence, to the co-ordination of their respective ends."

Pope Leo XIII, in his Encyclical, *Nobilissima Gallorum Gens*, dated February 8, 1884, has pointed out that, "Without proper religious and moral instruction every form of intellectual culture will be injurious; for young people not accustomed to respect God, will be unable to bear the restraint of a virtuous life, and never having learned to deny themselves anything, they will easily be incited to disturb the public order."

Pope Pius X, of saintly memory, on September 24, 1912, said: "Whatever a Christian does even in the order of

things of earth, he may not overlook the supernatural; indeed, he must, according to the teaching of Christian wisdom, direct all things towards the supreme good as to his last end; all his actions, besides, in so far as good or evil in the order of morality, that is, in keeping or not with natural and divine law, fall under the judgment and jurisdiction of the Church."

Pope Pius XI, again in his Encyclical, *The Christian Education of Youth*, remarks, "It is the inalienable right as well as the indispensable duty of the Church, to watch over the entire education of her children, in all institutions, public or private, not merely in regard to the religious instruction there given, but in regard to every other branch of learning and every regulation insofar as religion and morality are concerned.

"Nor should the exercise of this right be considered undue interference, but rather maternal care on the part of the Church in protecting her children from the grave danger of all kinds of doctrinal and moral evil. Moreover, this watchfulness of the Church not only can create no real inconvenience, but must, on the contrary, confer valuable assistance in the right ordering and well-being of families and of civil society: for it keeps far away from youth the moral poison which at that inexperienced and changeable age more easily penetrates the mind and more rapidly spreads its baneful effects."

Pope Leo XIII declares in another memorable Encyclical, *Sapientiae Christianae*, On the Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens: "By nature par-

ents have a right to the training of their children, but with this added duty that the education and instruction of the child be in accord with the end for which by God's blessing it was begotten. Therefore it is the duty of parents to make every effort to prevent any invasion of their rights in this matter, and to make absolutely sure that the education of their children remains under their own control in keeping with their Christian duty, and above all to refuse to send them to those schools in which there is danger of imbibing the deadly poison of impiety."

"This incontestable right of the family has at various times been recognized by nations anxious to respect the natural law in their civil enactments. Thus, to give one recent example, the Supreme Court of the United States of North America, in a decision on an important controversy, (Oregon School Case. June 1, 1925) declared that it is not in the competence of the State to fix any uniform standard of education by forcing children to receive instruction exclusively in public schools, and it bases its decision on the natural law: 'the child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right coupled with the high duty, to educate him and prepare him for the fulfillment of his obligations.'"

Pope Pius XI, speaking of the rights of the State with regard to education, has this to say in his Encyclical on "The Christian Education of Youth": "These rights have been conferred upon civil society by the Author of nature Himself, not by title of fatherhood, as in the case of the Church and the family, but in virtue of the authority which it possesses to promote the common temporal welfare, which is precisely the purpose of its existence. Consequently education cannot pertain to civil society

in the same way in which it pertains to the Church and to the family, but in a different way corresponding to its own particular end and object.

"Now this end and object, the common welfare in the temporal order, consists in that peace and security in which families and individual citizens have the free exercise of their rights, and at the same time enjoy the greatest spiritual and temporal prosperity possible in this life, by the mutual union and coordination of the work of all. The function therefore, of the civil authority residing in the State is twofold, to protect and to foster, but by no means to absorb, the family and the individual, or to substitute itself for them."

These, then, are the ideas of Christian education propounded throughout the centuries by the leaders of Christendom. The Church, the family, and civil society share in the duties and responsibilities of truly educating the youth of our day. It would be well for the Church authorities, fathers and mothers of families, and civic leaders to keep in mind these words of Pope Pius XI: "It is therefore as important to make no mistake in education, as it is to make no mistake in the pursuit of the last end, with which the whole work of education is intimately and necessarily connected. In fact, since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end, and that in the present order of Providence, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only Begotten Son, Who alone is 'the way, the truth and the life,' there can be no perfect education which is not Christian education."

Happenings in Rome

Monthly round-up of significant events in the capital of Christendom.

C. D. McEnniry

IN HIS talk to the "Sports Writers" the Pope became enthusiastic. Sport develops in a boy or a man the fine qualities of fair play, coordination of mind and muscle, endurance, a lofty moral and sports pride, team spirit — and all this, not restricted to the playing field, but extended to his family, his profession, his people, his country, his religion. To fail in his duty towards family, fatherland, faith, through flabbiness, human respect, pleasure seeking, would be poor sportsmanship in the highest degree.

St. Paul, he told them, was a sports writer, and he quoted from the "First Letter to the Corinthians": "All that I do, I do for the sake of the gospel promises, to win myself a share in them. You know well enough that when men run in a race, the race is for all, but the prize is for one; run, then, for victory. Every athlete must keep all his appetites under control; and he does it to win a crown that fades, whereas our crown is imperishable. I do not run my course, then, like a man in doubt of his goal; I do not fight my fight like a man who wastes his blows on the air. I buffet my own body and make it my slave, lest I who have preached to others, myself be rejected as worthless." (9:25) With these words, gentlemen, we leave you, said the Pope, praying the eloquent Apostle, St. Paul, to obtain for you from God the art of promoting the magnificent function of sport in such a way as to develop, according to the classic adage, "a healthy body for a healthy soul."

fraternity of forty-six different nations met in Rome for a "Credit Conference." Four hundred of them had an audience with the Pope. The Pope, who has talked about so many other things, did not hesitate to "talk money."

"Gentlemen," he said, "your presence here is a proof of the high idea you have of your profession and of your role. Above the mere handling of funds, even above the financial interests of your establishments and your clients, you place moral and social welfare. Those spirits that love to fish in troubled waters avidly seize upon the present moment to emphasize, even to exaggerate the opposition between lenders and borrowers. It is your duty to bring them together in harmony and render them mutually helpful to each other. How much money is squandered in high living, in selfish and unbridled pleasure, or allowed to accumulate and lie dormant. The spendthrift we shall indeed ever have with us, the egoist, the miser and the short-sighted and timid. But you, gentlemen, can do much to reduce their number by inducing those who have funds to lend them to those who could make wise use of them.

"Innumerable have been the complaints against your fraternity. These complaints would be justified in the measure in which your colleagues would lay aside all other considerations and seek exclusively undue profits. When on the contrary you strive to effect the wise and healthy distribution of capital, you work in the highest interests of the social order. Then you fill an urgent moral and psychological need

Delegates representing the banking

altogether different from the routine operations at the banker's desk and the teller's window.

"The day may come when, at the touch of a button, these operations will be performed by a counting device, a mechanical brain! But what machine, be it ever so ingenious, will ever supplant the director of a house of credit who sets himself to study the visitor in order to discover and make the visitor realize where his best interests lie, and then to channel (if I may so express it) his cooperation and lead him to take an intelligent interest in the progress of the enterprise which his funds support? Is not this to exercise social and moral influence eminently valuable and fruitful? . . . It is a young inventor, a potential benefactor of humanity, who presents himself before you. You study him and his project conscientiously. On the one hand you will not risk the funds committed to your care in an unsound venture. On the other hand you will take care not to turn away a man of merit capable of great things, but without the necessary financial resources. How many men of genius, intelligent, generous, industrious, have died in misery for lack of means to develop a precious idea!

"Again it is a prudent and capable man who has been reduced to dire straits by an unforeseen and unforeseeable disaster — a war, a revolution, an epidemic. You study his case and advance him loans whereby he gradually regains his former state of prosperity. In all these ways, what material security, what moral comfort you can give your fellowmen! What disorders, what strikes, what strife, what subversive activity you can avert. . . ."

One of the recent "happenings in Rome" that will awaken a nostalgic thrill in hundreds of American priests

and bishops, who made their studies and received their priestly ordination in the Eternal City, is the action of the Italian Government declaring the American College in Rome a "National Monument." This has long been a custom with succeeding governments holding power in the Peninsula. The venerable Basilicas, Monte Cassino, and outstanding abbeys of the Carthusians, Cistercians and other religious orders, were considered of such importance to the history of the country that they were declared "National Monuments" and taken under official protection. In times of persecution and confiscation it saved more than one of these ancient sacred buildings from desecration.

The decree makes it unlawful to demolish these treasures of historic, architectural and artistic value for the widening of streets or other purposes. The building that eventually became the "American College in Rome," was begun in 1601 to house a community of cloistered Dominican Nuns. Pope Pius IX placed it at the services of American ecclesiastical students of whom more than 1000 have become priests since Dec. 7, 1859. A notable number of these priests were subsequently raised to the dignity of the Episcopate. They recall many happy memories — and many hardships too. The cramped tiny cells of the nuns gave scant elbow room to vivacious young Americans, and on wet wintry days they felt more keenly than the nuns the chill of the old un-heated house on dark, narrow Via Dell' Umilita in the very heart of old Rome.

All that is changed. The entire building has been renovated and supplied with modern comforts. It will serve for American priests taking post-graduate courses after the student body will have been moved to the new college now being erected on Janiculum Hill.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

The Shortness of Life

Sickness is always an appropriate occasion for dwelling, without undue sadness or horror, on the universally salutary thought of the shortness of human life. One who has steeped himself in the realization that human life at its best and longest is very swiftly passing and always undependable, will not be inclined to grow panicky when signs of weakness appear in his body.

The shortness of human life is both an impressive fact to one who ponders it, and a reminder of the only things that make life worthwhile. It is deeply impressive to think of the millions and billions of men and women who have already lived and died. The entire history of each one can be compacted into two dates as inscribed usually on tombstones. "Born, 1850. Died, 1900." That is all there is to it now. It is of little moment now what dreams they cherished, what pleasures they enjoyed, what work they did. The fifty years, or the seventy years, or the ninety years, that they lived who are dead, now seem like but a moment to the living, who can record their biographies by naming the dates of their beginning and their end.

So it will be some day with all of us who are living now, whether active and healthy, or sickly and helpless. Each year goes by more rapidly than the last, and the life story of each one of us moves inexorably to its close.

Familiarity with these thoughts cannot but fix the attention of both sick and well on the purpose for which life is given to each human being. That purpose is not to be found in this world at all. It is not dependent on the number of years one lives. It is not bound up with any such circumstances as sickness or health. It is to give one's heart to God; to bend one's will to His will; to seek and find and live in His friendship, so that when one dies, God may grant him a new life that will be measurable by no dates because it will never end.

The millions who have lived and died seem very unimportant now. The world went on after their passing just as it had gone on before, and for only the briefest span did anybody miss them. But one thing was supremely important to each of those uncounted millions, and that was whether he did with his life what God had asked him to do. For the living, whether sick in a hospital room or in his home, that is truly the one important question now. "Am I using these few, troubled, swiftly passing years of my life on earth, to win a new life, a never-ending, never-troubled life with God?"



Side Glances

By the Bystander

A book that is worthy of all the time we shall devote to it here has recently been written by an industrialist in Cleveland, Ohio. The name of the book is "Incentive Management," and the author is James F. Lincoln, executive head of the Lincoln Electric Co. in the above city. It is a book well worth the attention of all who are interested in the social and economic problems of our day. The owners and managers of industrial concerns, large and small, would do well to read it. Union men, especially the heads of unions, should study its good points and its bad. Students and writers and philosophers can learn from it a point of view without a knowledge of which they could not possibly be adequately equipped to discuss the human problems of the industrial world. For this is the best popular expression of the practical philosophy of free enterprise that we have yet seen.

Mr. Lincoln is an honest man, writing the convictions of his heart and his experience. He is a good man, wanting to correct much of the evil that he sees in the world around him. That he is limited in outlook, that the criticisms expressed below must be made of his theories and his plan, in no way impugn either his honesty or his goodness. Moreover, he has been so successful, according to his concept of the meaning of that term, that if, such success were the measure of truth, there would be nothing to say but that this book is the key to heaven. That it is far from that is the reason for these comments.

The theory of Mr. Lincoln, tried and proven by his own experience, for the success of an industrial enterprise, may be quite briefly stated. It consists of these five principles:

1. Material standards of living and scientific and industrial progress toward a better world are capable of unlimited advancement, and such advancement is the primary goal of human endeavor.

2. This advancement depends on the utilization of the creative abilities of the minds of men, whether they are found in the ranks of management or labor.

3. Drawing the best out of individuals for industrial progress requires the furnishing of incentives, i.e., sufficient motive to induce men in any position in industry to do their best, to use their powers to full capacity. The only effective incentive to this end is *recognition*, in two forms: 1) the free opportunity to improve a product or the methods of manufacturing it, coupled with rewards for those who seize such opportunities; 2) joint ownership on the part of employees with management, through the holding of stocks in the industry that employs them.

4. The incentive of recognition demands that the law of competition be permitted full sway, both for managers and laborers. Every man in a plant has to be aware that his job is worth doing, but that he has to fight for his job, just as the many candidates for a college football team have to compete with one another for a place on the varsity. This is an application of the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest.

5. The object of the incentives in industry is to produce more and better industrial products for less and less cost, in order that much of the saving may be passed on to consumers, and thus raise the standards of more and more people.

It will be clear to almost everybody at once that there are many good things about

this program. Best of all, and sorely needed to correct the thinking of many in positions of economic power, is his statement of the basic equality of all men. "Many an industrialist," he says on page 92 of his book, "has not let the inherent aspirations of man work with him to benefit him and everyone else. He has considered the worker largely as part of a machine. This . . . is a survival of the slave psychology which always hurt the master as much as, or even more than, the slave. It is the false belief that God creates *classes* of men, some classes inferior, some superior. In this thinking the worker is not an individual but a member of the lower class. It will make little difference in the final analysis whether such an employer patronizes workers as a class or despises them as a class, the result will be wrong. The worker is a man like his boss . . . " This touches the very heart of much of the trouble between capital and labor today. Another good thing is the emphasis placed throughout the book on the importance, in general, of providing incentives for all men who toil for a living, even though we shall have something to say below in criticism of Mr. Lincoln's idea of what are the most important incentives for workingmen. But those of us who favor independent unions of employees, (which Mr. Lincoln reproaches almost fiercely) have long been concerned about the tendency of unions to snuff out both incentive and opportunity for individual advancement that are often the price that must be paid for security in a job and adequate living wages. A third good point about Mr. Lincoln's plan, and in this he is at one with the Catholic position on the importance of ownership for all men, and with Chesterton's basic philosophy of "distributism," is his insistence on selling stock in an industrial plant solely to the workers in that plant. He is positively revolutionary in his opposition to open stock markets, and in his belief that there should be no absentee, non-cooperating stockholders in any business concern.

But the weaknesses in Mr. Lincoln's plan are basic and far-reaching. Not being a philosopher, and failing to grasp even the rudest elements of Christianity, his vision is limited entirely to the industrial world and its needs and promises. For him, therefore, the end of man is a world made better and better by more and better industrial progress. For him, the value of an individual human being is measured solely by what he can contribute to this dream of industrial progress. For him the golden rule becomes "intelligent selfishness;" he says in so many words that the only compelling reason for doing good to others is that this will bring the greatest material return to yourself. There is not a line in his entire book that manifests so much as a hint that every man is a spiritual and immortal being, created in the image and likeness of God, destined for an eternal happiness that he must win by obeying God and cooperating with His grace, and that the production, distribution and use of material things must be subordinated to that goal. Let him not answer that these ideas are the province of religion, that he is talking about business, and that religion and business don't mix. If he does, he is just one more feeble voice added to the deafening chorus of voices trying in vain to solve the problem of what men should do without first understanding what men are. For what men should do in industry, and how they are to treat others in industry, is inescapably related to the whole purpose for which men were made.

All the other weaknesses of Mr. Lincoln's program stem from this basic one. Since for him progress in industrial production is the goal of mankind, he logically concludes that competition in the field must eliminate the useless, the lazy, the unproductive. He sees nothing in any man, no soul, no eternal destiny, no image and likeness of God, demanding the respect and service of his fellow-man other than what he can contribute to industrial progress. He "looks askance"

The Liguorian

at parents who have more children than they can care for properly, i.e., presumably, according to his standards of industrial prosperity. If old people have not had the foresight and character to earn security for their helpless old age, they should be ashamed of themselves: *perhaps*, he adds, the public should take care of them if there is no one else to do so, hinting by that "perhaps" that there may be just as good reason to think that they should pay the penalty of their economic carelessness by being permitted to starve. Again and again he reiterates the thought that the only failure in life is failure to contribute to industrial progress, that we must accept it as part of the eternal system of things that those who lose out in the competition for jobs and for better production must be surrendered to their fate as failures and fatalities. The true Christian viewpoint does not exclude the concept of richer merit for greater effort and achievement in the material as well as in the spiritual domain. But it starts with the truth that the only real failure in life is the loss of a man's immortal soul; and that until that doom has been sealed for an individual, every material and spiritual resource of other human beings must be used in an effort to avert it. It accepts without reserve the principle that is clear from the teachings of Christ, that competition for richer rewards of extra effort can begin only after it has been made part of the economic system that all men must be treated as children of God.

Mr. Lincoln is far wide of the mark, and woefully lacking in psychological insight, in his appraisal of what constitutes adequate incentive to draw the best industrial results out of those who hold jobs in industry. Here his theory runs counter to his practice. His practice is exemplary, not to say outstanding. Not only from his book, but from the excellent news (or publicity) reports about his firm, it is clear that his employees have been receiving two things: 1) security in a

living wage, and 2) recognition of merit wherever it appears. In his theory, he states that recognition is more important to the worker as a motive than security. He uses the example of an amateur football team. The players on such a team, he rightly says, are out for recognition and glory, not for security, because they even risk harm to life and limb by playing football. The example is bad because the college football player does not have to play the game for a living. The workingman has to have a job to make a living. Once he has that he will begin to look for extras, such as recognition, better pay, etc. But he won't be looking for cake until he has bread, and bread is represented by security in a job. Perhaps it is to Mr. Lincoln's credit that he made this mistake. He assumes by it that security has already been attained by his workers. Assuming that, he is right in saying that recognition is the next incentive that will move them to higher things. The trouble is that there have not been too many industries in which basic security has been taken for granted as a right of workers.

No doubt the same error of judgment is behind his scorn for unions. Perhaps the greatest fallacy in his book is that which places the entire blame, not only for the abuses of which labor union leaders have been guilty, but for what he considers the intrinsic evil of the labor union idea, on government and politicians. This is doubly strange, because the success of his own experiment in incentive management, and the contentment of his own workers, make it clear that independent unions came into being, and achieved a power that made abuses possible, primarily because of the selfishness and blindness of many industrial leaders. Government came into the picture only after the need for unions had been created by industrial managers who saw no necessity for worrying about providing living wages or economic security for their employees. There is, indeed, a strange lapse of logic

The Liguorian

by which he, in many ways an enlightened industrialist, attributes the rise of union power to government coddling alone. Of all people he should realize that unions were all but forced into being by the philosophy of *laissez-faire* among many employers.

•

Mr. Lincoln is dead wrong in his statement that unions sprang up among workingmen primarily to provide them with a recognition that employers were failing to give. They sprang up to provide *security* first, and only after that the recognition men seek when they have been made economically secure. The highest praise that can be given to Mr. Lincoln's program is this: that if all industrial managers had given to their employees the security and the recognition that he has given (not for the reasons he gives, but because they are immortal beings, made in the image and likeness of God and destined for heaven), there would have been no need for unions and, in fact, no formation of unions. And those of us who favor independent unions (deprecating always every abuse of their power) look forward to the day when the word "union" will no longer represent one party of men as opposed to another party of men, when indeed, the word "union" may pass from common use, because all management and labor will have achieved the partnership and cooperation represented by Mr. Lincoln's own achievements.

•

That high praise, nevertheless, must be modified by a last word of criticism of his philosophy and his methods. Someone will surely ask why we are so critical of a proposed system that has been tried for so long and has succeeded so well in his own company. The answer is that Mr. Lincoln's success has been due largely to the continuing blindness and selfishness of his competition. By incentive management he has increased, according to the tables in the back of his book, production in his plant by four hun-

dred per cent over the average, and has increased the returns to his workers by over one hundred per cent. The greatest single factor making that amazing record possible has been the slowness of the other industrialists to perceive that labor must be (for the reasons we have given) granted security and recognition. And the greatest weakness of his system is this, that when other industrialists in his line will have adopted his methods, and made progress toward lower production costs as he has made it, the law of unlimited competition will begin to squeeze labor once more. He says: O. K.; then let the fittest survive. We say: No; every human being, by his spiritual nature and eternal destiny has a right to security and recognition that must not be jeopardized by competition.

•

The Popes who wrote about social justice have the only answer, and Mr. Lincoln would do well to study their writings. They have perceived how unlimited competition, the economic doctrine of "the survival of the fittest," always squeezes working men out of living wages in the end. They have stated that the paying of living wages is an obligation in justice which no "law of competition" can set aside, and which is the first obligation of the employer. They have proposed that, in order to prevent unlimited competition from inducing employers to cut wages and salaries when their competitors are able to undersell them, industry councils must be set up, with representatives of management, labor and the public on each, through which standards of wages, prices and conditions of labor will be maintained for the common welfare of all concerned. They give all the room in the world for Mr. Lincoln's doctrine of incentive management to operate, after the basic and inalienable rights of men as children of God have been provided for in an economic system.



Catholic Anecdotes

Defender of the Faith

An anecdote, recently published in *The Cowl*, presents a wonderful example of the courage and fortitude of our modern nuns.

Sister Antonia was occupying the front pew in a church in China one day during the last war, when five Japanese soldiers, guns in hand, burst in. They marched to the altar rail, knocked the priest down and pointed their rifles at the people. The priest got to his feet, reproaching them for their conduct. His answer was a brutal blow on the mouth which left him unconscious and started the children running, screaming, for the doors. Another soldier swept everything off the altar with his bayonet and wiped his boots on the linen.

This was just too much for Sister Antonia. Under pretext of going to the fallen priest, she passed near the man who knocked him down. With a surprising sweep of her right arm she landed a more surprising uppercut. He went down like a ton of bricks, his rifle clattering as he fell.

Snatching up the rifle, Sister Antonia swung it over her head and waded into the other soldiers. They hesitated and were lost. Two went down with bashed heads. The third went flying against the foot of the altar. The last raised his revolver, but before he could take aim, Sister threw the rifle at him, and knocked it out of his hands. Then she jumped on him and beat him with her fists until he passed out cold.

Sister Antonia then arose, restored order among the children, had the priest and soldiers carried across the road to the dispensary, and dressed their wounds. Sister was a doctor. After a month she pronounced them fit to leave, but none of the five cared to go, as she had cured their souls as well as their bodies.

The Right Book

Ed Doherty tells us in one of his books that he was not leading an exemplary life at one time. Having married outside the Church, he had fallen away from the Faith. At that time he was given an assignment to interview Father Coughlin for one of the leading newspapers of the country. He had been away from the Church for so long, he did not feel at all at home on a job of this sort. He spent some time trying to figure out what approach to use.

Thinking the matter over, he remembered that Father Coughlin had a very special devotion to the Little Flower. That would be the topic he would use to break the ice. But now he had to learn something about the Little Flower. The night before the interview, he started to look over the *Autobiography of the Little Flower*. To his surprise, it proved so interesting that he sat up all night and read it through.

"When he finished the book, you could see a lonely figure slip into the dark shadow of a church to make his confession."

Good reading at the right moment.



Pointed Paragraphs

Motivation for Lent

There is only one sufficient source of motivation for doing anything about Lent and that is the thought of the passion and death of the Redeemer.

Lent is designed to awaken real sorrow for past sins. St. Alphonsus says that there can be no real sorrow for sin and no real love of God without meditation on the sufferings Christ endured to atone for sin and to reveal its malice.

Lent is intended to teach every Christian detachment from the good things of the world that passes. The most cogent reason for not clinging too fondly to this world's uncertain and fleeting pleasures is the fact that Christ gave up everything this world could offer for the sake of man's happiness in another world.

Lent is meant to be the Christian's opportunity to make reparation to God for the sins by which other men invite His wrath, not only on themselves, but on the whole world as well. The passion and death of Christ taught the world that God accepts the sufferings of the innocent for the salvation of the wicked.

For all these reasons, special efforts should be made by all Catholics to keep the thought of Christ's sufferings before them during Lent. There are three great means of doing this.

The first is saying the rosary while meditating on the sorrowful mysteries. It would not be improper to meditate only on the sorrowful mysteries while reciting the rosary every day during Lent. This will give one at least ten to fifteen minutes of specific thoughts

about the passion of Christ each day.

The second is making the Way of the Cross. The fourteen stations hanging on the walls of every church invite and encourage thoughts and images of the sufferings of Christ. The Church requires nothing more of those who make the Way of the Cross, than silent reflection on the details of Christ's journey toward death, for the gaining of rich indulgences. One can make these reflections as long or as short as one pleases.

The third is attendance at Mass. To His priests Christ has said: "As often as you do this you shall show the death of the Lord." To His people He says: "As often as you witness this you shall be offering the spotless Sacrifice to the Father, and fortifying yourselves to take up your cross daily and follow the Saviour toward heaven."

Any one who does these three things, reciting five decades of the rosary daily while pondering the sorrowful mysteries, making the Way of the Cross every day, and attending Mass every day, will have a good and profitable Lent. All other necessary penances and good works will be inspired by such daily approaches to Calvary.

Lent and Alcohol

Of all the voluntary penances that might be adopted during Lent, none is more appropriate than choosing to abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks of all kinds. Here are some of the good reasons why this is so.

1. For practically everybody alcoholic beverages are unnecessary, so that few people can say that their health

or any other objective consideration demands that they use them. Thus this is something that can be given up without any danger of one's doing excessive or harmful penance.

2. Alcoholic beverages are expensive, and when taken habitually deprive one of many opportunities for charity, when their use does not actually deprive dependents of necessities. The American people spent over five times as much for alcoholic drinks last year as they gave to charitable and religious causes. Thus the penance of giving up the use of alcohol for a time can directly make possible another good work during Lent, that of giving generously to charity and religion.

3. The use of alcohol is dangerous. This fact is not removed by the moral truth that the use of alcohol is not wrong in itself, and that only the abuse of it is evil. Moderate but habitual users of alcohol can, in time, become slaves to it, and they often do. There is only one way to avoid such slavery, and that is by proving oneself able to do without any alcohol for considerable periods of time. The forty days of Lent constitute an excellent opportunity for proving that one does not need it.

4. The use of alcohol, even in so-called moderation, is frequently responsible for evils that seem unrelated to drink. Many an automobile accident would not have happened if a driver had not been drinking "moderately." Many a sin of impurity would never have been committed if a couple had not first softened their consciences by taking intoxicants. Many a domestic quarrel would have been averted if a husband or wife had taken no liquor.

5. For some people, any indulgence in alcohol is an occasion of sin because they cannot stop without becoming intoxicated. This can become the case with those who think they drink

moderately.

6. The widespread misuse of alcohol in America, the frequency of the sin of drunkenness, calls for the atonement that can be made by good Christians. To do without any alcohol, even though one is in no danger of misusing it, is an excellent form of such atonement.

Christ's burning thirst on the cross should be sufficient spiritual motivation for adopting such a penance. How many can take it?

Precedent for Mr. Blanshard

Mr. Paul Blanshard, the most celebrated of "educated" anti-Catholics of our day, is touring the country at the moment, telling all who come to hear him that the Church of Rome is the serpent hiding in the bosom of democracy, that the hierarchy of the American Church is a composite of Benedict Arnolds and John Wilkes Booths, and that the people had better watch out or the Pope will be on their doorstep before they know it.

Some Catholics are terribly worried about Mr. Blanshard. They see in him a man so darkened in mind that nothing but evil can come out of a life so dedicated as his.

It may be that their fears will prove to be unfounded. It may be that Mr. Blanshard is fighting the Catholic Church because he is afraid of being drawn into it. It may be that he is beginning to believe that the Catholic Church is the true Church. His lectures may be a defense mechanism against the necessity of having to join the Catholic Church.

The precedent for this possibility is found in the life of the famous Cardinal Newman. Before his conversion, Newman said things about the Catholic Church that would match almost anything that Blanshard is saying now. Here are a few examples.

"True, Rome is heretical now — nay,

grant she has thereby forfeited her orders; yet, at least, she was not heretical in the primitive ages. If she has apostatized, it was at the time of the Council of Trent. Then, indeed, it is to be feared the whole Roman Communion bound itself, by a perpetual bond and covenant, to the cause of Antichrist."

On another occasion he wrote:

"Their communion is infected with heresy; we are bound to flee it as a pestilence. They have established a lie in the place of God's truth, and, by their claim of immutability in doctrine, cannot undo the sin they have committed."

And still again he wrote:

"In the corrupt Papal system we have the very cruelty, the craft, and the ambition of the Roman Republic; its cruelty in its unsparing sacrifice of the happiness and virtue of individuals to a phantom of public expediency, in its forced celibacy within, and its persecutions without; its craft in its falsehoods, its deceitful deeds and lying wonders; and its grasping ambition in the very structure of its polity, in its assumption of universal dominion: old Rome is still alive; nowhere have its eagles lighted, but it still claims the sovereignty under another pretence. The Roman Church I will not blame, but pity — she is, as I have said, spell-bound, as if by an evil spirit; she is in thralldom."

And finally:

"The Roman Church virtually substitutes an external ritual for moral obedience; penance for penitence, confession for sorrow, profession for faith, the lips for the heart: such at least is her system as understood by the many."

These are but a few quotations from the books of Cardinal Newman, written while he was still an Anglican minister. Perhaps they are not the most devastating that can be found. But they are

enough.

Yet, Newman became a Catholic, a priest and eventually a Cardinal of the Catholic Church. And so holy a life did he lead after his conversion that the idea of his canonization has been suggested.

Let not Catholics worry, then, about Mr. Blanshard. It could be that he is following in the footsteps of the mighty Newman. He, too, will find it hard "to kick against the goad."

The Danger of Having Children

Dr. James H. Beaton is a graduate of Northwestern University Medical School. He took specialized training in obstetrics and gynecology at Chicago Maternity Center and Cook County Hospital; began the practice of obstetrics and gynecology in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1941; was a Naval Flight Surgeon during World War II; is a diplomat of the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, a member of the International Academy of Medicine and Surgery, and Chairman of Obstetrics and Gynecology at St. Mary's Hospital, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Dr Beaton should know what he is talking about when he discusses the danger of having children. In a recent article in the *Western Michigan Catholic* he has this to say in regard to the problem of sacrificing the unborn child for the sake of the life of the mother.

"I realize that fantastic problems can be presented theoretically which would require considerable medical and moral thinking. But why should we waste time on these imaginative theories of what could happen when we have the case records of large hospitals to prove what has actually happened? As a Catholic obstetrician, *I have never seen a woman's life sacrificed to save the*

The Liguorian

life of a baby. I have never seen good medical care withheld from a patient because she was in a Catholic hospital."

Dr. Beaton maintains that most of the arguments adduced in favor of killing the child in order to save the mother are based on old medical methods. "For example," he says, "25 years ago a caesarean section was very dangerous and frequently fatal. Now all this is changed. Caesarean section has been perfected as a very safe operation. Before the discovery of sulfa and penicillin, a caesarean could not be done if infection was present. Now an infected case can have a caesarean safely for mother and baby. *Until a few years ago a woman could only have a few caesareans. Now modern surgery allows a woman to have as many caesareans as she desires.*"

The doctor says that disease in the mother is no reason for abortion. "Fifteen years ago many therapeutic abortions were done on pregnant women with heart disease, tuberculosis, kidney disease and toxic conditions. Some of these women died following the therapeutic abortion, especially in cases of severe heart disease. Now, with modern medical knowledge, therapeutic abortion is practically extinct in all good hospitals. The modern doctor treats the disease skillfully and leaves the normal condition, pregnancy, alone."

This is apparently the case even in good, that is, reputable non-Catholic hospitals. "At the American College of Surgeons' meeting in San Francisco, November, 1951, Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove reported that no therapeutic abortions had been performed at Margaret Hague hospital of New York between the years 1944 and 1951." Margaret Hague hospital delivers about six thousand babies a year. Dr. Cosgrove is reported by Dr. Beaton as having said, "*There is no indication for a direct therapeutic abortion in the modern practice of obstetrics.*" It is to be noted that the hospital that Dr. Cosgrove serves, Margaret Hague, is a non-Catholic hospital.

It would seem from the above remarks that women who are so worried about having children because of poor health are worrying without sufficient cause. If they have a good doctor, the doctor will take care both of them and of the baby. And if they have a belief and a strong confidence in God, they have no cause to worry at all. The only worry they should have is that of continuing to consult a doctor who persists in giving them advice that is against both the moral law and the findings of modern science. They should avoid him, have nothing to do with him, scratch him off their list. And the best and most learned doctors of the country will be on their side.

Figures That Lie

Efficiency experts and statisticians can be 100 percent right, mathematically speaking, and still be far from the truth.

Thus, for instance, they will tell you that if a boy can pick six quarts of berries in an hour, and a girl five quarts, the two of them will pick eleven quarts.

But any farmer knows that the two of them together will not pick any at all.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS

March 22: St. Basil of Ancyra, Priest:

During the reign of Constantius, emperor of the East, St. Basil, a priest of Ancyra in Galatia, bravely defended the divinity of the Son of God against the Arians, and converted many from that heresy. Upon the death of Constantius, however, Julian the Apostate succeeded to the empire, and employed all his efforts in an attempt to reestablish idolatry, which at the time had all but disappeared. But the new emperor had failed to reckon with Basil. The saintly priest preached throughout the city of Ancyra, exhorting the Christians to preserve themselves from apostasy and to despise the promises of Julian. He also prophesied that God would quickly remove the emperor. Such conduct could have but one result: it brought upon Basil the hatred of the idolators, who united with the Arians in persecuting him. He was dragged before Saturninus, the governor of the province and accused thus: "This man has been guilty of sedition, and threatens to overturn the altars of the gods."

Beginning his examination of Basil, Saturninus asked: "Who are you to show such rashness?" Basil answered: "I am a Christian, and glory in being one." "If, then, you are a Christian," said Saturninus, "why do you not act like a Christian?" To this Basil replied: "You are right; a Christian ought to appear so in all his actions. I blaspheme not the emperor nor his religion; but I say that in heaven there is a Ruler Whom the Christians adore as the only true God, and Who can in one moment destroy your false worship." The gov-

ernor questioned further: "What can you say against the religion of the emperor?" Basil was about to reply, but Saturninus interrupted him, saying: "All reply is useless; you must obey the emperor." "I have never yet failed to obey the Emperor of Heaven," Basil boasted. Saturninus asked: "Who is this Emperor of Heaven?" "It is He," replied Basil, "Who dwells in heaven and beholds all things; while your emperor commands only upon earth, and is a man just as we, who is about to fall into the hands of the Great King."

Angered by this reply, the governor commanded the saint to be suspended and torn with iron hooks. While this form of torture was being executed, and while Basil continued to return thanks to God, the governor asked him whether he would sacrifice to the gods. The saint replied: "I have placed all my confidence in the King of kings; it is not in the power of man to change me." Seeing that the executioners had all but worn themselves out, Saturninus sent Basil to prison. While the saint was being conducted to prison, an apostate Christian named Felix met him and urged him to obey the emperor. Basil, however, replied: "Depart from me, O impious wretch! enveloped as you are in the darkness of sin, how can you see the light?"

The Emperor Julian was at Pessinunte at the time, celebrating the festival of the goddess Sybele, who was said to be the mother of the gods. Saturninus informed him of what had taken place regarding Basil. Realizing that the saint possessed great influence, the emperor sent two other apostates, Elpidius and

Pegasus, in an effort to win him over. When Pegasus went to the prison to speak to him, however, the saint greeted him thus: "Traitor! why have you renounced Jesus Christ and the hopes of your salvation? After having been cleansed in the waters of baptism, how can you stain yourself with idolatry? After having been fed with the flesh of Jesus Christ, how can you sit at the feasts of the demons? You were a disciple of truth, and are now become a master of perdition, to the eternal loss of your own soul. What will you do when the Lord shall come to judge you?" Covered with confusion at this reply, Pegasus went to inform the governor of his treatment by Basil. Once more the governor ordered Basil to be tortured. He was put upon the rack. But once more the saint rose above his torments, exclaiming: "Impious tyrant, you may exercise all your cruelty; but so long as Jesus Christ is with me, I will never change."

Shortly afterwards the emperor came to Ancyra, and summoned Basil before him. "What is your name?" he inquired. The saint replied: "I am a Christian. This is my principal name; but I am generally called Basil. Now, if I shall have preserved the name of a Christian without blemish, Jesus Christ will reward me on the day of judgment with an eternal glory." Annoyed, Julian replied: "Do not continue to deceive yourself thus; how can you continue to believe in Him Who was put to death under Pontius Pilate?" "No, emperor," Basil answered, "I am not deceived. It is you who have deceived yourself, for by your apostasy, you have forfeited the right to heaven. I continue to believe in Jesus Christ, Whom you have renounced, although he placed you upon a throne. He will, however, quickly hurl you from it, that you may know the power of the God

Whom you have despised. You have forgotten Jesus Christ, and He shall never again remember you in His mercy. He Who is the Emperor of all shall despoil you of the authority you possess, and cause you to expire in agony. Nor shall your body find burial." This prediction was shortly afterwards fulfilled.

Infuriated at this reply, Julian determined to make the saint pay dearly for his rash speech. "I had determined to discharge you unmolested," he exclaimed, "but, since you have dared to go so far as to reproach me, I now command that seven pieces of flesh be torn from your body every day." This barbarous command was put into execution by a Count Frumentinus. Basil endured it with great fortitude, and when he had been entirely lacerated he requested to be brought before the emperor. Thinking that his torments had at last brought the saint to his senses, his executioners presented him before Julian in the temple of Esculapius. "Julian," exclaimed the saint, "I have come to make you realize that your gods are but blind and deaf statues, the worshipping of which is punished in hell." Then taking a piece of his torn flesh, he cast it into the emperor's face, exclaiming: "Take this, O Julian, since such food pleases you. To me death is a gain, and Jesus is my life and my strength. In Him I believe, and for His sake I am willing to suffer."

Disappointed, Count Frumentinus ordered the executioners to tear the saint with irons until his bones and bowels should be laid bare. During the infliction of this sentence the saintly martyr prayed in this manner: "Be forever blessed, O Lord, Who grants strength to the weak who put their trust in Thee. Mercifully vouchsafe to look upon me, and grant me the grace to faithfully consummate my sacrifice,

The Liguorian

that I may be made worthy of Thy eternal kingdom."

On the following day, Frumentinus threatened Basil with additional and more severe torments: "O most rash and obdurate of mortals! will you now yield to the emperor, or end your days amid the most excruciating torture?" Basil replied: "Do you not recall to what a state you reduced my body yesterday, when its mangled appearance drew tears from all who beheld it? Behold it now! It has pleased Jesus Christ to heal me, as you can see. Make this known to your emperor, that he may understand the power of that God Whom he has abandoned to become the slave of the devil. But God, in His turn, will abandon him, and he shall die in his sins." Frumentinus replied: "You are mad; but if you will not sacrifice, I shall cause your entire body to be pierced with red hot spikes." The saint answered: "I have not been afraid, as you know, of the threats of the emperor. Do you think that your

words can strike me with terror?"

Although Frumentinus realized that the constancy of Basil was not to be overcome, he, nevertheless, caused the irons to be heated and the saint's shoulders to be pierced through. During this most agonizing torture Basil prayed: "I thank Thee, O Lord, my God, for delivering my soul from hell. Preserve Thy blessed Spirit in me, that, overcoming these torments, I may offer to Thee the sacrifice of my life, and become an heir to everlasting bliss, through the promise of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By His merits I beseech Thee to receive my soul in peace, since I have continued to the end to confess Thy name, Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen."

When he had finished this prayer in the midst of his torments, Basil, as though he were falling into a sweet sleep, calmly rendered his soul to God. It was on the 28th day of June in the year 362.

Motive and Prayer

Of the man named Joseph,
When his death was near,
This indeed was certain:
He had no cause to fear.

For there close at his bedside
Knelt his foster son,
To give him strength and comfort,
Now his work was done.

His gentle helpmate, Mary,
She of course was there;
Christ, and Christ's own mother
To make his passage fair!

O gentle, holy Joseph,
Till my latest breath
Show yourself my patron
Of a happy death.

LGM

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted By T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

John Lawson Stoddard, 1850-1931

Catholic Apologist

I. Life:

John Lawson Stoddard was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1850, the son of very devout Calvinist parents. His education was received in the Boston Public Schools and at Williams College, from which he graduated in 1871. After his parents died when he was fifteen he underwent a conversion and became a Congregationalist. In 1871 Stoddard entered the Yale Divinity School to pursue his life-long ambition of preparing for the ministry. But his inability to rid himself of his religious doubts, despite long study and consultation with others, led him to leave the seminary. For a period after this he taught in the Boston Latin School. Then he began the travels that were to continue for most of his life. His first travel adventure was inspired by his desire to find religious certainty in Europe and the East. But for forty years Stoddard remained an agnostic despite his sincere quest of religious truth. During the first World War Stoddard found himself marooned in one of the belligerent countries. He tells us of the Providential role of these difficult years in his religious Faith. "Five years of well-nigh universal wretchedness and sometimes of complete despair . . . slowly but surely drew me back to God." On the Feast of St. Michael, Stoddard and his wife entered the Catholic Church in 1922. During his lifetime he gained universal acclaim for his travel lectures, which he gave all over the United States. Contemporaries tell us that his personal charm and

his travel lore made him one of the best lecturers of his day. He also became a very valiant defendant of the Church in which he had found his true home after so many years of wandering. John L. Stoddard died in Merano, Italy, in 1931.

II. Writings:

The books written by Stoddard before his conversion differ very much from those that appeared after his entrance into the Church. Before 1922 the books were all about his travels and fifteen volumes of his lectures were printed. The first book after his conversion was the famous one, *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*. Then followed a series of translations of noted Catholic books: *Christ and the Critics*, by Hilarion Fleder; *The Theology of St. Paul*, by Fernand Prat, S.J.; *The Evening of Life*, by Monsignor Baunard; and *Yesterdays of an Artist Monk*, by Dom Willibrord Verkade. Shortly before his death Stoddard published *Twelve Years Within the Catholic Church*, a statement of his continued happiness over his discovery of the Church.

III. The Book:

Over 100,000 copies of *Rebuilding a Lost Faith* were issued and it still remains one of the best convert stories. Unlike most conversion stories, there is a bare minimum of personal experience in his well reasoned progress toward the Church. Stoddard begins with the fact of his own agnosticism and logically rebuilds religious belief as

it was revealed by Christ and presented by the Church. He assumes nothing and starts with the proof of the existence of God and explains the Divinity of Christ and His

Church. This objective approach to religious truth will benefit both cradle Catholics and sincere non-Catholics who are groping for religious certainty.

BOOK REVIEWS FOR MARCH

Reunion With Rome

Father Paul of Graymoor. By Rev. David Gannon, S.A. 372pp. New York: Macmillan Co. \$4.00.

One and Holy. By Karl Adam. Translated by Cecily Hastings. 130pp. New York: Sheed and Ward. \$2.00.

In recent years there has been much discussion about possible reunion of the Churches. The Protestant groups have made many efforts to reach some understanding about the basic principles on which they can agree, and there have been movements to seek the reunion of various non-Catholic groups with the Catholic Church. Too many of these discussions have not come close to a solution because they do not begin with the principle that all reunion must be a return to the one, true Church established by Christ. The two books before me deal in different ways with the subject of corporate reunion with the Catholic Church. Father Paul of Graymoor led the way in the return of a corporate religious society to Rome when he and his monks and nuns submitted to the Church; Father Karl Adam, the illustrious German theologian, has outlined the theological basis for a reunion of Lutheranism with the Church it abandoned four centuries ago.

Lewis Thomas Watson was the son of an Anglican clergyman who was expelled from the seminary as a "Jesuit in disguise" during the frantic days of the Oxford Movement in the United States. Lewis Watson was to take Anglican Orders and labor as Rector of several churches before he dedicated his life to his great task of achieving the reunion of churches, especially his own, with the Church of Rome. While still remaining an Anglican he founded a community of Franciscan friars and sisters at

Graymoor, New York. As Father Paul Francis, he headed the society of the Atonement which had for its primary purposes the At-One-Ment of all men with the one Church founded by the Son of God. By prayer, preaching and *The Lamp Magazine*, Father Paul Francis labored for this goal. For many years he advocated a corporate reunion of the whole Anglican community with Rome and considered as a traitor to this cause any individual who found the cure for "Roman fever" by personal submission to the Catholic Church. Finally, the declaration, by Pope Leo XIII, of the invalidity of Anglican Orders caused Father Paul Francis and his friars and sisters to enter the Church in 1909. The Church proved a real home to the Society of the Atonement, which was allowed to remain as a religious society and to continue its work for reunion. The Church Unity Octave, begun by Father Paul Francis, was extended to the entire Church; *The Lamp* continued its apostolate of reunion; St. Christopher's Inn remained as a shelter for homeless men; The-Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost gathered thousands of dollars for the support of the missions. On February 8, 1940, the soul of Father Paul Francis, the zealous apostle of reunion, took its flight for its final At-One-Ment with God.

Father David Gannon who, as a member of the Society of the Atonement, knew the saintly founder, has written a thorough study of *Father Paul of Graymoor*. The author does not allow his love for Father Paul to carry him away into lyrical flights of imagination. The founder of Graymoor is portrayed as he was, a saintly lover of the holy poverty of his model, St. Francis of Assisi, and a zealous laborer for the cause of reunion with Rome. Little personal

The Liguorian

touches are given, such as Father Paul's private vow never to touch money, which led him to beg for his subway fare in New York, his intense desire to win at any card or athletic game. Readers of this biography will be edified by the life of a modern American and will be inspired to do what they can to prepare the way for a reunion of individuals and non-Catholic churches with the Church of Christ.

There have been indications of a trend toward Rome among some groups of the Lutheran Church in Germany, and Father Karl Adam has supplied the theological basis for a possible reunion in his book, *One and Holy*. The first lecture is a truthful presentation of the actual abuses that were present in Pre-Reformation Germany that led to the revolt of Martin Luther. The relaxed morality of the Papal court and clergymen, the Great Western Schism that at one time had three claimants for the Papacy, the exile of the Pope at Avignon, the false presentation of the doctrine of indulgences, had weakened the allegiance of the German people to the Church, so that they were prepared for the leadership of Martin Luther. The Reformation began as a protest against the abuses in the Church, but under the leadership of Luther changed into an attack upon the very foundation of the Church itself. Led by his personal fear of sin and his inability to perform good works, Luther established the fundamental tenets of Protestantism: the exclusive activity of God and salvation by Faith alone and the acknowledgment of no other authority than that of Holy Scripture.

The last section of the book is devoted to an explanation of the possibility of reunion and various suggestions as to how it could be erected. Dr. Adam insists that the only basis for reunion must be a return to the one, true Church founded by God. The point of contact must be for Lutherans to return to the basic tenets of Luther himself and to discover similarities between Catholic doctrine and Luther's insistence on

the authority of the Lutheran Church, his reverence for the Sacred Scriptures, and certain beliefs he retained from the Catholic Church. The author expresses the opinion that the Catholic Church might profit from encouraging more of the Lutheran's love and study of the Bible and of beautiful church music. Concessions can be made in certain points of Church discipline. In this connection it is interesting to note the fact that the Pope has recently allowed a convert Lutheran minister to enter the priesthood and remain married. In the last pages of his book, Dr. Adam speaks of "the tremendous fruitfulness of that final synthesis, the harmonious union of Protestant simplicity with Catholic richness, Protestant gravity with Catholic joyousness, Protestant recourse to the Bible with Catholic faith in the Church."

One and Holy is an epoch making book that can clear the ground for individual conversions and possible corporate returns to the Church of God. The author is very fair in the presentation of the real abuses in the Church of Luther's day, and in his sympathetic treatment of Luther. *One and Holy* is a very stimulating book that can be read with great profit both by Catholics and sincere non-Catholics who are still searching for the true Church.

For The Theologian

The Nature of Law. By Thomas E. Davitt, S.J., Ph.D. 274pp. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder Co. \$4.00.

One of the oldest controversies in scholastic circles has been the discussion as to whether the intellect or the will is the highest faculty in man. From these two basically different philosophies arise two divergent concepts of law. One theory holds that law is an ordination of the reason, the other that it is a command of the will. The purpose of the book is to give an historical introduction to the relation between the concept of law and the philosophy of intellect and will. This is a scholarly presentation of the problem.

The Liguorian

BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the University of Scranton, Pa.

I. Suitable for general reading:

Man of the Family — *Moody*
The United States and Spain — *Hayes*
Ross and the New Yorker — *Kramer*
Lord Chesterfield and His World —
Shellabarger
Time to Remember — *Douglas*
Where Nests the Water Hen — *Roy*
Mother and Queen — *Crawford*
Pogo — *Kelly*
The Grand Crevasse — *Frison-Roche*
While You Slept — *Flynn*
Bishop Sheil and the C.Y.O. — *Treat*
John Burrough's America — *Wiley*
The Family Scrapbook — *Osborne*
Fifty Years of Popular Mechanics
More Little Nuns — *Lane*
Back to Mandalay — *Thomas*
Faith is a Song — *Dragonette*
The Magic Curtain — *Langner*
The Greatest Calling — *Myers*
Joan of Ark — *Larkin*
Grey Lensman — *Smith*
The Early Days of Maryknoll — *Lane*
The Greatest Story Ever Told — *Oursler*
The Racing Tide — *Gann*
The Sea Around Us — *Carson*

II. Suitable for adults only:

A. Because of advanced contents and style:

Strange Lands and Friendly People
Douglas
The Ascent to Truth — *Merton*
The Fortune Tellers — *Fleming*
The Peron Era — *Alexander*
Journey Between Freedoms — *Matthews*
Voyage to Windward — *Furnas*
Gentle, Swords and Pistols — *Kane*
Fifty Billion Dollars — *Jones*
The Fiery Fountains — *Anderson*
Woman At Work — *Anderson*
The Duke's Daughter — *Thirkell*
The Virgin Huntress — *Holding*
Bill Mauldin's Army — *Mauldin*
The Office Party — *Ford*
Murder, Inc. — *Turkus*

Elizabeth Bayley Seton — *Melville*
The Restless Flame — *De Wohl*
A Short Walk from the Station —
McGinley
Liberated Latin — *Shaw*
The Art of Clear Thinking — *Flesch*
Law of Marriage and Divorce — *Mackay*
Reprisal — *Gordon*
In Tragic Life — *Fischer*
Melville Goodwin, U.S.A. — *Marquand*
The President's Lady — *Stone*
The Iron Mistress — *Wellman*

B. Because of immoral incidents, which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:

Mister Johnson — *Cary*
The Wanderer — *Waltari*
Wait for the Wagon — *Lasswell*
Lady of the Mohawks — *Widdemer*
The Lute Players — *Lofts*
The Puppet Masters — *Heinlein*
The City in the Sea — *Tucker*
Conception, Pregnancy and Birth —
Ratcliff
Chosen Country — *Dos Passos*
The Hawthornes — *Loggins*
The Story of a Hypnotist — *Polgar*
The Hepburn — *Wescott*
Lusty Wind for Carolina — *Fletcher*
Rainbow in the Royals — *Roark*
Trouble is my Business — *Chandler*
The Caine Mutiny — *Wouk*
The Cruel Sea — *Monsarrat*

III. Permissible for the discriminating reader:

The End of the Affair — *Greene*
Tender is the Night — *Fitzgerald*
How to Live a Richer and Fuller Life —
Magnin
Moses — *Asch*
The Catcher in the Rye — *Salinger*

IV. Not recommended to any reader:

The Producer — *Brooks*
Once Over Lightly — *Niven*
The Drowning Pool — *MacDonald*



Lucid Intervals

Orator: "Is there any man in the house who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, please stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet.

Orator: "Do you mean to stand up there and tell me that you would let your wife be slandered and not do anything about it?"

Little Man. "Oh, pardon me, I thought you said slaughtered."

Little Boy: "Gee, Pop, this apple had a worm in it an' I just ate it."

Pop: "Here, take a drink of this water and wash it down."

Little Boy: "Aw, let 'im walk down."

Mary Pat was gazing at her six-week old brother, who lay squealing and wailing in his bassinet.

"Did he come from heaven?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

Concerned about deuterium oxide, or "heavy water," a basic material needed for atomic research and requiring an expensive plant to make, the Atomic Energy Commission got a letter from a woman in Georgia offering to sell it all the "heavy water" it wants from her back yard. "I'm absolutely sure it's heavy water," said the lady. "I've carried pails from the well for more than 16 years. Lately they've been getting heavier—and heavier—and heavier."

Old Man (to minister): "Be 95 next month and can truthfully say I haven't an enemy in the world."

Minister: "That's a great credit to you, sir. How did you manage to do it?"

Old Man: "Simply enough; just out-lived 'em all."

She was little and she was old and she had just returned from a trip to Europe.

She was busy impressing her friends with the beautiful things she had seen and the wonderful places she had visited, when a woman asked,

"Did you by any chance see the Dardanelles?"

"See them?" the traveller gushed, "why, my dear, I had lunch with them!"

A traveler one night had to stop over in a small town owing to a landslide on the railroad, caused by a heavy rain which continued to fall in torrents.

"This certainly looks like the flood," he remarked to a passing waitress.

"The what?"

"The flood. Surely you've read about the flood and the ark landing on Mt. Ararat..."

"Mister," she replied, "I haven't seen a paper for three days."

Junior was showing off his new learning.

"The Four Evangelists," he said with vast assurance, "are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and . . . uh . . ."

". . . John," added his mother.

"Mother," he asked with sudden suspicion, "have you heard this story before?"

Mike: "Yes, I'm proud to say I'm a self-made man."

Ike: "You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and six daughters."

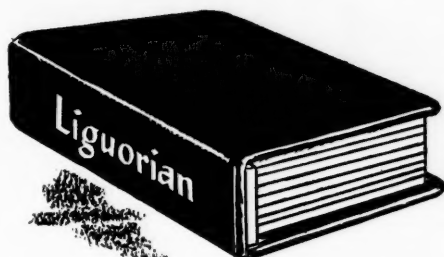
Sister was explaining the life and martyrdom of St. John the Baptist. She ended by saying: "He was beheaded but now he enjoys eternal bliss and wears a martyr's crown."

"Where does he wear it?" asked Johnny.

STURDY BINDERS

for
Your Copies of
THE LIGUORIAN

Only \$2.50 each



THE LIGUORIAN

Dept. B.

LIGUORI, MISSOURI

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Please send the Liguorian, for 3 years ☐, for
1 year ☐, to

Name

Street and No.

City Zone State

Subscription Rates \$5.00 for 3 years, \$2.00
for 1 year; Canada and Foreign \$2.25 per year.

Enclosed find check or money order ☐

Please bill me ☐

NEW LIGUORIAN PAMPHLETS

5c PAMPHLETS

How Spiritual are You?
How to be a Good Husband
How to be a Good Mother
How to Behave with Girl Friends
How to fear God
How to get Along with Your Family
How to make a Vow of Chastity
How to Stop Committing Sin
Advice to Old People
Are You a Grafter?
Cheated Children
Meditation Before Marriage
What's Hell For?
What's Your Reason for Birth Control?

10c PAMPHLETS

Mistakes made by Unions and Employers
What do Dreams Mean?
What do You Know About Angels?
What will Happen when You Die?

50c BOOKLETS

Blessings in Illness — (enlarged edition)
Bedside Book for Shut-Ins

1c LEAFLETS

Are Catholics Forced to Attend Mass?
Can the Bible Alone Guide You?
Did the Catholic Church Invent Purgatory?
Do Catholics Buy Masses?
How to Make the Way of the Cross
How to Receive Holy Communion
Is The Catholic Church Narrow-Minded?
Is The Catholic Religion too Complicated?
Motives for Daily Mass
Questions Catholics ask about Confession
Reasons Against Mixed Marriage
Rules for Company Keeping
What the Catholic Church Thinks of Non-Catholic Marriages
Why Catholics Do Not Take Part in Protestant Services
Why Catholics go to Confession
Why Catholics make Novenas
Why Catholics make the Sign of the Cross
Why Catholics Pray to the Blessed Virgin
Why Catholics Pray to the Saints
Why Catholics use Pictures, Statues and Medals
Why the Catholic Church uses Rites and Ceremonies
Why People come late for Sunday Mass

DISCOUNT SCHEDULE

On orders of \$1.00 and over — 10%; \$5.00 and over 15%; \$10.00 and over — 25%; \$50.00 and over — 30%; \$100.00 and over — 35%.

This discount applies ONLY to pamphlets, booklets and leaflets listed on this page.

CASH MUST BE SENT WITH ORDERS UNDER \$1.00. STAMPS ACCEPTED.

WE PAY POSTAGE ON ALL ORDERS

Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Liguori, Missouri

SEND ITEMS IN QUANTITIES CHECKED TO:

Name

Parish or Institution

Address

City

Zone

State

\$

Cash enclosed

Bill me